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THE BALLOT QUESTION.

AMONGST the many chances and reversals of our recent political history, there is a very striking one in reference to vote by ballot. In the session 1837-8, the first of her Majesty's reign, there was a strong effort made by the Radicals to impress, as they thought they had a right, their opinions on the policy of the Melbourne Government. Lord John Russell, the great Reform Minister, was then leading the Lower House; and on the first night of the session he anticipated the intentions of the Radical party by one of his roughly, but not unjustly, nicknamed finality speeches. A month or two later Mr. Grote made his ballot motion; and Lord John Russell resisted it in a way which now seems very peculiar. He protested querulously that the ballot was only a step to other changes. He bitterly complained that Lord Brougham had written a letter, to be read at a ballot meeting, in which he had talked of the mighty body who were excluded from the franchise, and had exhibited an ardent desire for its extension. He pointed out, with a sort of horror, that at this very ballot meeting household suffrage had been claimed. "Ought I not," said he, "to consider whether I shall not be called on to adopt the other changes demanded?" It is exactly thirty years since these helpless words were uttered; and in 1868 household suffrage is the law of the land, and the ballot, which was to lead to household suffrage and all sorts of Radical excesses, has not yet been introduced. What makes this episode in its history more curious is that Lord Russell's hatred to the ballot was itself a reverse. Secret voting had been part of the first draft of the 1832 Reform Bill, although in 1837 Lord Russell regarded it with such extravagant dread and aversion.

Will five years elapse from the Reform Bill of 1867 ere the volition of the household voters shall be protected by the only expedient capable of guarding it? Much must depend on the progress of other questions; but if the Liberals of the new House should be, as Mr. Torrens says they will be, in favour of the ballot in the proportion of four-fifths, secret voting must surely soon come. The broad indecency of the House of Lords' fighting for their hereditary right of nominating members of the House of Commons will for a time hinder the will while offending the sensibilities of the people; but the majority of the House of Commons will have its way. Many notable recruits, and some unlikely ones, such as Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, are declaring their adhesion; and there has even been a silly whisper that the ballot is presently to appear as an article of the Tory Democrat creed. Last year in a speech on another subject Mr. Gladstone made a reference to secret voting, which caused an audible mutter of "He's going for the ballot now" to pass along the Minis-

terial benches, and though in a subsequent sentence he took care to show that his unfavourable opinion of that mode of voting was unchanged, we cannot believe that on such a point as this Mr. Gladstone will ever stand out against the general wish of the country. He will never say on this topic, as Lord John Russell once said, "If the people of England are not of my mind they may reject me."

Amongst the many things, however, which have not changed in England since 1838 is the rooted aversion to the ballot which prevails amongst what may still be called the ruling classes. The case of household suffrage proves how easily, under certain circumstances, that aversion might be overcome; but at present it exists. To some slight extent it is based on the idea that the ballot is un-English, and on the presumption that it would lead to lying. But these grounds would soon disappear if the ballot were not now, as in 1838, taken to be typical of greater changes. We have got out of finality into household suffrage, but who knows what further revolutionary changes might not come if we adopted this most democratic expedient? Now, if this means anything, it means that the people would do on a great scale with the ballot what they will not do without it. And what is this but confessing that at present the electors do not exercise a free and independent volition? Is this consistent with self-government? Is it even consistent with the mixed Constitution under which we live, and in which each estate is presumed to adopt freely, and without reference to the others, the public policy which it deems patriotic? These questions can only be answered in one way, and therefore, on their own showing, the opponents of the ballot lack faith in self-government, and are hostile to the *bona-fide* working of our mixed Constitution. Our own opinion is that the ballot would not specially facilitate revolutionary change or greatly accelerate the national progress; we believe the evils it would correct do not materially affect the balance of affairs, as they mainly appertain to the moral aspect of politics; but the opponents of the ballot think it would lead to something very dreadful. By withholding it, therefore, on that ground they are avowedly placing an indirect and disingenuous check on the free Parliamentary declaration of the opinions of the commonalty. The friends of the ballot have never discovered an argument more powerful than that which is thus fairly deducible from the conduct of its enemies.

The only way to meet it is to argue, in some disguise or other, that the electors have no right to vote as they think. Of course no one would say this plainly, but even Mr. Mill compasses the same end by elaborately arguing that the franchise is a trust and not a right. There is the less reason to be nice on this part of the subject, because the suffrage, being now all but universal, there is even less excuse than there ever was

for pretending that an elector is answerable to any standard but his own conscience for the vote he gives. Of course the franchise is a trust. So is life, so is health, so is pocket-money, so is eloquence, so is muscular strength, so is fistic science. Every possession, faculty, and function of humanity is a trust. And practically a vote is not a trust distinguishable in any respect from the common obligation of using wisely every advantage we enjoy. A householder is not bound to vote contrary to his convictions because those convictions are not shared by the unenfranchised, for whom he is the trustee. On the contrary, Mr. Mill would be the first to tell him that the conditions of his trust require him to vote as on the whole he himself (not any other man or set of men) believes to be for the interest of the country. All that is necessary, therefore, to secure the fulfilment of the trust is the exercise of the right. And what is that right? Simply the right of the voter to act freely upon the judgment he has formed. This is a right which assists and does not conflict with—which is essential instead of inimical to—the performance of the trust. When this foolish controversy about rights and trusts began, Sir Robert Peel exclaimed,—“As if a trust could not be coincident with a right!” And we in our turn say,—As if a right could not be coincident with a trust! We admit that this issue was first raised by advocates of the ballot; but when Mr. Ward and others argued that the vote was a right it was not in the sense in which Lord John Russell then, and Mr. Mill subsequently, preferred to interpret the argument. These reasoners never said the voter had a proprietary right to vote against his convictions of the welfare of the State; but they said he had an absolute proprietary right to vote, let who might say him nay, in accordance with those convictions; and surely every candid man must admit that such a proprietary right is not only consistent, but is in its obligations identical with the trust of which the opponents of the ballot say so much. Mr. Grote settled this part of the question in these words,—“What is the elector's duty? To vote according to his opinion. Can any publicity increase that responsibility?” It was in view of these considerations that no less a person than Mr. Lytton Bulwer argued that not only was free suffrage a political, but a moral and religious right, and that nothing could secure it but that secret voting without which Aristotle said liberty could not exist. If Lord Lytton be of a different opinion, we can only regret that in his later vein he is so much less cogent and impressive than he was in his Radical days.

As to Mr. Mill, the healthy effect of practical politics, though it has not yet persuaded him to support the ballot, has probably modified his feelings towards “Mr. Bright and his school of democrats;” and if he has not yet perceived that the free exercise of the franchise is a right as clearly as the franchise itself is a trust, at least he no longer supposes that any school of Liberals pretend that the right involves no trust. It is the profound and acute sense they entertain of the obligation of the trust which induces the friends of the ballot to insist upon the right; for the sacredness of the right is the only safeguard for the performance of the trust. Mr. Mill says the idea that the franchise is a right taking root in the general mind does a moral mischief, outweighing all the good that the ballot could do, at the highest possible estimate of it. This is fanciful in the extreme. If it is bad for a man to consider his vote his own property, the advocates of the ballot have not established the doctrine. Its prevalence is surely owing to the ancient practice of buying votes, which the ballot is expressly intended to prevent. What you offer to buy of a man he is sure to deem his own. What you help him to employ under the circumstances best adapted to secure his wise and beneficial use of it, he is most likely to consider a serious function, with which he is induced for the public good under very solemn obligations. But after all it is much better for an elector to consider his vote his own than to suppose it is his landlord's or his customer's; and that is the condition of no inconsiderable proportion of the tenants and shopkeepers of these realms. Politically, it does not work so much mischief as might be expected; because, though it corrupts the atmosphere of both parties, it prevails in each, and does not materially affect their relative strength. But it “sheds a disastrous twilight over all the relations of life;” it is fatal to the growth of individual public virtue amongst the humble; it maintains false and ignoble standards of duty amongst the great and the lowly alike. And it is an evil of this kind that Mr. Mill is willing to leave unchecked,

while he subtly battles with a chimera—while he endeavours to protect the voters from the fearful consequences of supposing their votes are their own!

We are very anxious that this subject should be seen in a true light at this moment, in order that Englishmen may appreciate the incidents of the coming election. It is not a mere question of bribery, as landlords wish us to think when they tell us that the ballot will never prevent corruption. It is mainly a question of influence and intimidation. In Rome, even, when the ballot utterly failed to prevent bribery, it entirely succeeded in foiling intimidation; and if the ballot failed to check bribery here—as it would not—it would still be worth adopting if only to stop intimidation, which is quite as great an evil. The degrading spectacle at nearly every county election in England as the tenants march up *en bloc*, wearing the colours of their landlords' candidate, would become absurd rather than repulsive if the right of free voting were once secured; and we should no longer witness in Ireland the anomaly of batches of free and independent voters being literally dragooned to the poll under pretence of protection or rescued with their own connivance on the way to the poll by the violence of the party to which their landlords are opposed, but with which they are well known to sympathize. These evils will be rife during the coming elections.

The prognostications of well-informed people in Ireland foretell scenes of the grossest intimidation and violence—scenes which the ballot has suppressed in every country where it has been adopted. And in England, with a difference, the same evils will prevail. The ballot alone can cure them. Let the electors pledge as many candidates as possible to its adoption in the new Parliament. And let electors and candidates alike watch the incidents of the election, in order to arrive at a sound conclusion as to whether the responsibility of maintaining “public voting, which drives the elector into the wrong way against his will,” can any longer be undertaken by any enlightened man intent upon the well-being of his country.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE great controversy which, since the death of President Lincoln, has divided the people of the United States into two hostile camps, may be regarded as practically settled by the issue of the contest at the polls on Tuesday last. The election of General Grant and Mr. Colfax to the offices of President and Vice-President was, as we pointed out a week ago, a foregone conclusion, the last shadow of doubt as to its certainty having passed away with the announcement of the Republican victory in Pennsylvania. The Democratic party hardly rallied from that blow; their forces were demoralized and their leaders discouraged; they entered without heart upon the actual business of the election; and it is not surprising that the result of the polling on Tuesday showed even a larger majority of electoral votes for the Republican ticket than we had ventured to calculate upon. In making our estimate, we credited the Democratic candidates with the votes of all the doubtful States, and with those of the “unconstructed” Southern States which have not accepted the constitutional amendment, and to which Congress has accordingly denied the right of voting. We do not learn that any attempt was made to hold elections, as was threatened, contrary to law in these States. The attempt, if made, would have been wholly useless; for the Republican candidates received a clear majority, with a large margin for accident, of the Presidential votes of the whole Union, including the unconstructed States. Several of the doubtful States declared for Grant and Colfax by large majorities. All the New England States, taking even Connecticut, the most uncertain of them, recorded the mass of their votes for the Republican nomination. Massachusetts by itself thus registered a majority of 70,000 for Grant and Colfax. Pennsylvania has again pronounced against the Democratic policy by an increased vote, and has thus ratified the verdict of her State elections of last month. The “Great West” has in a more striking manner borne testimony against the insidious disunionism of Seymour and Blair. Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio have loyally adhered to the Republican standard. Even Missouri, tainted as it is with the old slaveholding traditions, has given Grant and Colfax a majority of 10,000. Kansas and Nebraska have followed the same line. In the

South, Florida, the two Carolinas, and Tennessee have thrown their weight on the Republican side, as have also the Pacific States, Nevada and California. For the Democratic ticket, on the other hand, the great Atlantic States, New York and New Jersey, peopled by immigrants of all races, have cast small majorities. The little border State of Delaware, the important central States of West Virginia and Kentucky, the Southern States of Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana and the north-western State of Oregon, have pronounced unmistakably for Seymour and Blair. On the whole, however, the Democrats were outmatched in nearly every populous State, and the moral as well as the material victory of the Republican policy was clear and unchallengeable.

The elections of Tuesday determined the choice of the Electoral Colleges in the several States. The theory of the United States Constitution provides for the choice of the President and Vice-President by indirect election under the following rule :—

"Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress ; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector."

But the practice of political parties in the States has long set at naught this theory, and the Electoral Colleges are now merely chosen as delegates, from the majority of voters in their respective States, to vote, without any personal freedom of action, for one ticket or the other. Thus the party which succeeds in carrying a majority of the Electoral Colleges, has practically carried its nominations for President and Vice-President. It is necessary, however, that a clear majority of the Electoral votes should be recorded for the successful candidates. The full number of the electors from all the States is 317, including the unconstructed States. The issue of the polling on Tuesday gave the Grant-Colfax ticket more than two hundred votes, so that on no pretence will the Democratic party be able to challenge the choice of the new executive officers of State.

Without the intervention of some great disaster or some greater crime, the inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States will take place on the 4th of March, 1869. Until that day there will be an interregnum, for the Administration of President Johnson, which has shown itself to be completely out of accord with the temper of the American people, will doubtless wisely abstain in the interval from any active manifestation of policy. We are not without fear that during this period many evils, which are now working mischief in the social order of the Southern States, will acquire a keener virulence, and will need to be all the more sternly and unflinchingly repressed with a firm hand. For this reason, indeed, we look with much hope to the administrative vigour of the soldier-statesman. The past career of Ulysses S. Grant has amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the people of the United States, when in a time of exigent need they called him to the supreme command of the army of Virginia ; and now he is summoned to the grander and even more difficult task of reconstructing the social system of a nation. Born in a humble station, he was fortunate enough to receive at West Point a sound military education of the same kind that moulded the character of his rivals and comrades in arms, McClellan, Lee, Burnside, Beauregard, and others. He served in the Mexican campaign when a mere boy, and afterwards went into business in St. Louis as a tanner. But when the war broke out, he was drawn irresistibly to the career of a soldier. He served first in the West, and early in 1862 was intrusted with the command of a flotilla of gunboats designed to crush the Confederate power on the Mississippi. How successfully he did his work here has almost been forgotten by those who remember his name chiefly in connection with the Virginian campaigns. He captured the two main strongholds of the Confederacy in Tennessee, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. In May, 1862, he encountered Beauregard in the indecisive and bloody battle of Shiloh, where, however, the substantial advantage remained with Grant by the retreat of the Southern forces on the second day. After this battle, Island No. 10 surrendered to the Federals, and Vicksburg remained the only Confederate position of strength on the Mississippi. Through 1862 and 1863 Grant held on in his resolve to capture Vicksburg, engaging constantly with the

Southern troops, and being sometimes worsted and sometimes victorious. On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg fell, and henceforward Grant was marked for the coming man on the Federal side. In October he was appointed commander of the army of the South-West, and signalized his promotion by overwhelming Bragg's army at Chattanooga. He was now talked of for the supreme command, and the slander that has often been urged against him since by his enemies of every faction was whispered to President Lincoln. "Gentlemen," replied the President, to those who sneered at Grant as a drunkard, "could you tell me the kind of whisky Grant drinks ? For I should like to send a gallon of it to every other general in the service." So, notwithstanding much envious opposition, Grant became Commander-in-Chief, and for twelve months he continued in Virginia a disastrous, and, at times, as it appeared, a hopeless struggle with Lee. At last his plans bore fruit ; the indecisive battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and of the Shenandoah Valley, told by their depletion on the strength of the South. Sherman, whose ability Grant had discerned and brought to the front, was closing on the Confederate capital from the southern seaboard. The battle of Five Forks decided the fate of Richmond, and the war was over.

In the year which followed the surrender of Lee, Grant kept studiously away from the turmoil of politics, nor did he come forward prominently even when the difficulty between Mr. Johnson and the Houses of Congress assumed its most formidable shape. In obedience partly to a strong belief in discipline, partly to a desire to keep out a more dangerous intruder, Grant accepted the place at the War Office from which the President so rudely ejected Mr. Stanton ; but, taciturn as he is upon principle and by character, the conqueror of Lee did not leave it long in doubt which side he was ready to take in the great constitutional struggle. After some hesitations, which were intelligible enough, General Grant was adopted as the candidate of the undivided Republican party. He accepted frankly the platform of the Chicago Convention, the necessity of insisting upon equal rights and impartial suffrage for the negro in the South, and of maintaining intact the national credit. He has now the power of enforcing this policy, "the only one just and the only one available." He will be supported by a majority pledged to the same principles in both Houses of Congress. We may hope that the first fruit of his rule will be the suppression of those scandalous disorders that have lately disgraced the Southern States, and the establishment of security for life and property, for free speech and free action in every part of the Union. By the accomplishment of these results, and by steadfast adherence to the policy he has accepted, he will justify the choice of the people of the United States.

MR. BRIGHT AT EDINBURGH.

MR. BRIGHT is about the only man in England who can gracefully speak of himself. The candour of his utterances on that topic is as far removed from the weakness of personal vanity as their simplicity is from that spurious modesty which most men assume upon like occasions. Some of the finest passages in those speeches of Mr. Bright which have become historical property refer with a frankness and a dignity altogether unequalled to the labour which he has devoted for so many years to the service of his country. Doubtless the singular consistency of Mr. Bright's public conduct, and the success which has ultimately befallen nearly every project in which he has been concerned, offer a tempting inducement to the expression of these personal reminiscences. It occurs to us, however, that Mr. Bright, from being the best-abused man in the country is rapidly being transformed into the most bepraised of living English statesmen. Journals which used to regard him as certain Church of England clergymen regard Mr. Gladstone or the devil, have suddenly discovered in Mr. Bright the politician who is to render Liberalism cohesive, and lead the State through the apprehended vicissitudes of a new *régime*. He it is who is to combine the scattered elements of the Liberal party, and give it some intelligible basis of operation. A week or two ago we remarked upon the distinctively conservative tendencies of Mr. Bright's political genius—upon a certain rigidity of limit which it here and there evinces ; and perhaps it is this tenacity, or stability, or whatever else it may be called, which captivates a vast number of people who

would be afraid of pledging themselves to follow a leader of indefinitely progressive sympathies. Mr. Bright has stuck manfully and persistently to certain well-marked political aims; and he has lived to see most of them translated into the sphere of accomplished facts. The long and able review which he delivered at Edinburgh of the various projects in which he has been engaged is most instructive and very opportune. It exhibits not only the bent of his sympathies, —but it reveals also the plan of his operations. We are all familiar with the notion of Mr. Bright's function in the State which used to be prevalent. He was then supposed to be a sort of Roebuck, who dealt not with petty interests, but with "universals." His place was to discover weak points of attack. He could only live in Opposition. A famous simile was to represent him as the man who taps the wheels of railway-carriages at the stations to see that they are sound. He could not drive the engine. He was not even to be trusted with putting the people into the carriages. He was only valuable in the sphere of tentative fault-finding; and it was thought probable that in that direction he *might* do some good.

"In the course of my political life," said Mr. Bright on Tuesday evening, "there have been several great questions which have interested me, and on each of which I have been astonished that I found myself at variance with so many of my countrymen, and I have not been less delighted afterwards to find that, by-and-by, we all seemed to agree; but, unfortunately, the agreement came, to a certain extent, too late, and the misfortunes, which had been perhaps foretold, or which were inevitable, happened, and it was only after the fact that we were able to agree as to what ought to have been done." He enumerates the great reforms for which he and his coadjutors so earnestly laboured; and seems surprised that there should have been such a dead-weight of opposition in the path of these projects which to them were logically obvious and indisputable. He is amazed that it required so much persistent energy to bring the English Parliament and the English people to comprehend their true interest with regard to the Free-trade question; and he refers in a touching manner—all Mr. Bright's references to his former friend and fellow-worker are marked by a singular tenderness and delicacy—to the immense labour which Mr. Cobden had to expend before the public mind would be convinced. Then comes the question of the Government of India, as it existed before the Mutiny. In the white light of Mr. Bright's intelligence it seems incomprehensible that such a system should have been permitted to continue. "Fifteen years ago the Government of India was the most extraordinary in the world, and, I should say, the most remarkable Government that had ever been in the world." He also introduces the Eastern question, upon which public opinion has not yet arrived at Mr. Bright's standpoint. Most people, like the madman in "Maud," looked upon the war as a beautiful thing in itself, and did not stay to consider whether the excuse for it was a grand political hoax or a stupid political blunder. England seemed to breathe more freely during the war, and the patriotic sentiment which, for the moment, coloured and ennobled public opinion, must be accounted as something, especially where we have so little to reckon up by way of result. Mr. Bright refers to the frightful cost, in men's lives and in money, of the conflict; and remarks that "Russia is stronger than ever, for Russia has manumitted her serfs, and Turkey is not stronger, but weaker, for the efforts made to save her." However, the recent tone of the Foreign Office pleases Mr. Bright much, and he compliments Lord Stanley on having modelled some recent speeches made by him on the utterances of Mr. Cobden. Upon the question of Political Reform Mr. Bright touched very briefly; and, with regard to the probable action of the Liberal party towards Ireland, contented himself by repeating, in altered phrase, those generous and judicious opinions which he has continuously urged upon English statesmen, and which have earned him the warm gratitude of that country.

This survey of the more important public events in which Mr. Bright has taken a pronounced position is fraught with much interest for us at the present time. Throughout, the implication is obvious that he laboured with certain defined objects lying clearly before his mental vision. He was not, as his enemies were fond of repeating, in opposition for the sake of opposition; his aims were not mere political expedients, invented for the purpose of raising a party-cry.

This goes far to explain the odd bewilderment which he expresses over the opposition which he and his compeers encountered. The reforms were so imperatively necessary in their view of the case—the whole statement of the position and its logical impregnability so clearly established in their eyes—that Mr. Bright is amazed at the stolid obstinacy which refused to give immediate assent to his representations and arguments. Yet that stolid obstinacy had, and has, its uses. It is the castle-wall which the knight-errant of a new principle must batter down before he can win the white flower of victory. It is a test of the strength and virtue of political innovations. Sometimes, indeed, the test is too cruel; and the sensitive Reformer, burning to redress this or that wrong, but vexed and humbled by the inscrutable dulness and blindness of the people around him, gives up his project in despair, and humanity suffers for the time being. Mr. Bright is not a man to give up anything. He has the proper stuff of a Reformer, and united with that, he has a temperate wisdom and moderation which is only now, to the astonishment of many, being evidenced, when the real scope of his exertions is beginning to be understood. We commend to those who have hitherto been afraid of Mr. Bright the comprehensive and modest statement of his various political endeavours which he laid before the people of Edinburgh. They will do well to study it. It is looked upon as certain by the Liberal party throughout the country that Mr. Bright will have a seat in the forthcoming Liberal Cabinet; and it is highly to be desired that neither unwarrantable prejudice nor extravagant prepossession should interfere with a clear understanding of the position of a statesman who has had, and who will have, much influence upon the fortunes of his country.

A POT DE VIN.

WHATEVER may be the result of the extraordinary trial just concluded at Brussels, it will have immortalized itself by giving a new and agreeable name to a very ugly and reprehensible fact. Coming, as it does, just on the eve of a general election, it is the very thing that was wanted by those gentlemen whose business it is to use the arts of persuasion upon hesitating voters, and to lend a graceful and fascinating weight to their arguments by means more tangible and definite. The "men in the moon," "men with the carpet-bag," and their colleagues, must have long felt the desirability of some word more euphonious than that usually employed to denote their operations. Bribery has an unpleasant sound, and it is a word contained in the Statute-book, in a connection such as to remind these gentlemen in a disagreeable manner of the pains and penalties involved in the pursuit of their calling. But now, thanks to the before-mentioned trial, this need no longer be. A spade must not be called a spade: the word bribe is superseded, and the *pot de vin* henceforth takes its place. What a very suggestive phrase this is! Wine, that makes glad the heart of man, drives dull care away, cements friendship, and is generally supposed to bring truth from the bottom of a well—all this is comprehended in the term. There is nothing sordid or base about it; but, on the contrary, everything is like itself—bright, rosy, and sparkling. It denotes abundance, too; not one of your niggardly glasses to be taken at a sip, but a flagon such as that from which Falstaff quaffed deep and full to overflowing, or one of the amphoræ of the Capitol, holding six gallons, which the Emperor Maximinus used to drain. And by what a pleasant metaphor is it made to express the financial operations now for the first time made public; and how modestly is it applied, considering the amount involved. A *pot de vin*! Why not a cask? Nay, the great tun of Heidelberg itself would be more befitting a transaction of such magnitude. Two million and a half of francs—one hundred thousand pounds; and yet the authors of the arrangement were content (great minds are always humble) to designate it by so familiar a term. We certainly have been living in extraordinary times. A little while ago millionaires were common; gigantic sums were made and lost almost with the stroke of a pen; and the commercial world, disdaining the plodding paths of ordinary business, cast aside all its former notions of industry and thrift, and sought by speculation to place itself on the pinnacle of Fortune's temple. To men such as these, who "talked in thousands," and whose names appeared every day upon the prospectuses of innumerable joint-stock companies, such a sum as £100,000 might appear insignificant, still we fancy that the wildest dreams of the boldest promoter never went beyond the expectation of an amount such as this falling to his lot from one transaction. Large as were the sums paid

for what were called "preliminary expenses," so heavy were the sums actually disbursed or promised before the introduction of the scheme to the public, that the actual amount of profit accruing to the originator of the enterprise was far less than would be supposed. In fact, after the promoter had satisfied the claims made by numbers of persons in some way or other connected with the undertaking, he often found that what remained for his own share had dwindled down to very small dimensions indeed. These transactions have been for the most part very much kept in the dark. The public have seen the actors upon the stage and have criticised their performances, but hitherto they have been but sparingly admitted behind the scenes, and few have been invited to witness a rehearsal; the play was before them, with all its scene-shifting and lime-light effects, but who the author was whose genius conceived it, and whose skill placed it upon the stage, has generally remained a mystery. Nor have the proceedings in our courts of law and bankruptcy thrown much light upon the matter. Astounding revelations have, it is true, been made, sufficient to shake to its foundation the whole system of joint-stock companies; but these have had reference more to the dealings with a company after its formation than to those previous to that event. It has been reserved for a foreign tribunal to lay bare to the public eye that part hitherto concealed, to admit us into the secret council chamber of a promoter, and to enable us to trace the marvellous history of a company from the period of its conception in his fertile brain to the moment when, fully developed, it was launched upon the ocean of enterprise. But, still further to carry out the similitude, the *pot de vin* is, as we have said, significant of good fellowship. Your wine-bibber is, as a rule, hospitable; he cares not to drink alone, but with open arms and open heart invites his friends to partake with him. So it is in the present case. The flowing bowl was not to be drained in solitary and selfish enjoyment. On the contrary, it was to soften many a parched throat, made dry, perhaps, by legislative labours through long nights at Westminster. All who had been in any way concerned in the enterprise were to quaff the loving-cup. Burgo-masters and journalists were to be made glad, and drinks all round were so much the order of the day, that even some of the recipients of the bounty were unable to account for so distinguished a mark of favour. The man who had contributed but an idea was not forgotten, for that idea was munificently rewarded. What happy hearts there must have been in Brussels! No occasion for the man in search of wealth to brave the dangers of the ocean for the purpose of painfully digging up the precious metal; for here, at his own door, was the Pactolus, here in the streets of his city was falling the golden shower. High must have been the feasting, great the rejoicing, and amidst it all walked the man through whose agency this had been done, and by whose magic wand the mighty change had been effected. What a pity that the joyous day had a morrow; that, on awaking, the men who fancied themselves possessed of thousands found their gold pieces turned to ashes, that the fountain had become dried up, and that, in short, the mighty *pot de vin* itself was empty, but for some very unpleasant dregs! And, to crown all, that the Midas himself, whose imagination had planned and whose skill had organized the glorious undertaking, should actually have been arraigned before a tribunal of justice, and accused of defrauding instead of benefiting his fellow men, and so made to drink those bitter dregs to the very end. The golden idol was found to have feet of clay, and the first blast of adversity threw it down. We point no moral from this narrative, we express no opinion as to the innocence or culpability of any person concerned in the transaction to which it refers,—hitherto but one side has been heard,—nor have we commented upon the trial itself. Our object has been to hail the introduction into our language of so expressive and comprehensive a phrase as that which we owe to the proceedings in question.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

IT is not given to every man to love cub-hunting, thanks be to St. Hubert for the same. Only those with a real passion for the chase will go to a woodland meet at six o'clock in the morning for the satisfaction of witnessing the new entries get their first lessons, and to see the young foxes rattled round the cover, with no chance of exhibiting a little reckless horsemanship or dressing in a scarlet coat. But the days are past and gone for this year, so enjoyable by the *habitué* of the hunt, to whom the pedigree of every puppy is a matter of interest, and who longs to watch the budding promise of his favourite strain. Cub-hunting is over, and the legitimate season has begun. Those

whose lines have fallen to them in pleasant places are in Leicestershire, or are streaming over the pastures with the Pytchley, while the gallant master shows how a heavy weight can lead the van. Others, less fortunate, bruise their knees among the Kentish hop-poles, or gallop up and down the rides of the Surrey woods. To all alike comes health, although the enjoyment derived is widely different among the followers of the chase.

Many men hunt who hate hunting, who go in fear and trembling to a favourite meet. To them a sure find and a quick break away is agony. The yawning ditch and stiff stake and bound fence beyond the cover, over which the fox is quietly stealing at the first whimper of a hound, is beheld with horror. There is absolutely nothing to be done but to ride at it. The courage to turn round in the face of the field and jog through the lanes with the farmer on his cob, is denied to the red-coat; and without the scarlet, hunting to such a one would be an unmitigated evil. With his heart in his boots many a man follows the hounds, now and then getting over a big place by the courage engendered of despair, but taking the first chance of a line of gates, or a promising road, which in a fast country generally leaves him out of sight of the hounds for the rest of the run. However, honour is satisfied. How can a man be a country gentleman unless he hunt, or unless he have an indisputable pedigree? To him the coat and boots, the ride to cover stared at by the labourers, the cigar smoked in front of the carriages at the meet, and the triumphant return, mudspattered and consequential, comprise the delights, while the run itself is the bitter penalty paid for them. There are men, too, who care nothing for hunting, but who like to ride. The greater the number of fences and the bigger they are the better are such men pleased. To them the hounds are only a means ingeniously devised to mark out a steeple-chase course which is not monotonous, and which abounds in pleasant surprises, now an ox-fence, now a brook, and now a bullfinch. These men, who care nothing for the hounds, who don't know Vixen from Vanity, and who are alike indifferent to both, probably comprise the majority of the field. They are the terror of the huntsman on a bad scenting day, and are not particular about the limbs and lives of the tail hounds. If living in the neighbourhood of London, they specially delight in stag-hunting, and may be seen with the Queen's, or with Mr. Heathcote in Surrey; and sometimes they honestly declare that the worst run of the year with the stag would, if it had happened to the fox-hounds, have been the talk of the season. There is the man, also, to whom all hunting except fox-hunting is sacrilege. He despises the "staggers," as he calls them, and holds a "currant jelly" pack in utter contempt. He is an old resident in the county, and knows every gateway, gap, and lane; can predict the line of the fox, and is always up at the death. Jogging quietly along, he watches which hounds do the work, and which are simply flashy impostors. He can tell from the note the first dog to challenge in cover, and is never deceived by a puppy running riot. Many a summer morning he spends at the kennels, talking with the huntsman over the famous runs of old, which he recounts with the names of every cover and farm and almost of every field that was crossed. To him hunting is simply a game of fox and hounds, and he only rides on horseback because he could not conveniently manage to see the game played out on foot. He has an affection for the fox that is almost sublime, while a vulpicide and a matricide would be held by him in equal abhorrence. He is very hard on the preserver of pheasants, should the latter object in the least to have his birds devoured wholesale by two or three vixens and their interesting families. Then there is the one-horse man, possibly a doctor just commencing practice, or one whose business will allow him slight leisure. One day a week can be snatched from toil and trouble, or perhaps only an hour to see the hounds throw off, which means seeing the first fox killed or run to earth. Such a man generally goes fairly straight to hounds, and consoles himself by thinking how he would lead the field could he afford to keep such a stud as is possessed by the man who hunts and hates it. Could he do so, probably he would not go so well. As it is, there is perfect confidence between himself and his horse. They know one another's peculiarities and tempers. The master can trust the horse, and the horse is used to be handled only in one particular style.

The opening prospects for the season are good, although the hardness of the ground sadly interfered with early cub-hunting. Now, however, such an abundance of rain has fallen that the going will be first-rate. Foxes are abundant in the Shires, and we trust that high and economical farming may be found possible without an increase of wire-fencing, and without in any other way interfering with those field-sports which give such a

zest to country life, and which have not the dark side, so much exposed to public view of late years by racing and steeple-chasing.

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

TO be a creature of routine is a great fault in a doctor, but it is probably the fault the doctor most commonly exhibits. Ordinary laymen, who do not read widely, and who look upon the doctor pretty much as the Red Indian in novels does upon the "medicine-man," little know how much the usual treatment of disease by the kind of gentleman whom some physicians have scornfully spoken of as "the family apothecary" runs in fixed grooves. The simple faith of our forefathers in specifics of unproved virtue—tansy for this and dragon's-blood for that—was respectable compared with the mechanical spirit in which a good many doctors, though the number has been much decreased of late years, go on "exhibiting" this, that, and the other drug, counter-irritant, or what-not in certain cases. Those who have had the misfortune to lose friends and relatives in any number by similar forms of disease, and have watched the treatment of them by different doctors, will know well what we mean. You know exactly when to expect the "exhibition" of calomel, when the mustard plaster is coming, when that will be followed by the savage blister, and when you may expect to hear of leeches. Some doctors go through all this in an obviously perfunctory spirit; you can see that they know it is routine, that they do it because it is all they *can* do, and that they are by no means sure of its usefulness. Others, usually stupid men, show that they believe in it, and resent extremely the smallest hint or suggestion. Yet, outsiders who know a few facts in the history of medical practice—for example, the fight cold affusion in fevers had to make before it could stand its ground, the obstinate struggles of bleeding and cupping, and the long time it took to get the tonic and stimulating treatment of certain forms of disease in any degree accepted—cannot avoid occasional suspicions that a great deal of the ordinary treatment of disease by average medical men is labour thrown away. Every man knows stories which prove, for the particular cases in question (of course, for no more), that the doctors have not known the right moment for giving the body a fillip, while the friends or patients have. Southeby's wife, after a confinement, was—under what precise circumstances we forget—sternly forbidden brandy. The moment the doctor's back was turned Southeby "exhibited" brandy on his own hook, and the lady recovered. We know a case in which a strong man, a gentleman's huntsman, prostrate with rheumatic fever, was forbidden to drink beer. One day it happened that his wife and a neighbour were having some bread-and-cheese and ale in his bedroom, and there was a good quart of the drink on the table. By some accident the wife and neighbour left the room for a minute, and on their return they found the man lying on the floor by the table, with the empty jug by his side. He had staggered out of bed, drunk all the beer, and then could not crawl back into bed. The next day he was better, his wife allowed him as much beer as he liked, and he rapidly got well. We knew another case in which a man who was supposed by the doctor to be living on beef-tea and tincture of calumba and gentian, with orange for "adjuvant," suddenly felt a mad desire for mock-turtle soup and champagne. He had them more than once, and rapidly got well. It is notorious—though nobody would recommend so hazardous a remedy—that getting thoroughly drunk has sometimes proved the turning point of a man's getting better. We believe champagne is now seriously employed as a "medicine," and we knew a case in which the stomach refused every other drink (cold water excepted). One does not want to push such cases to any great length of inference. It is probable that the first and chief good effect of any breach of prescribed regimen is that it, so to speak, breaks the tradition of the illness under which the patient is suffering—like being removed into a fresh room or a fresh place. It certainly seems to us that, except in very acute disease, it is an immense point gained if a doctor or nurse knows when to do this kind of thing for a patient—to pretermitt the physic, and coax back health by a make-believe of itself. We should have more confidence in a nurse of a high order, like Miss Nightingale, than in a doctor, with regard to the moment for breaking the tradition of the illness. How constantly it happens that a patient has to find out for himself, or through the sympathetic instinct of another, the thing that he most needs! Miss Nightingale, in her most admirable "Notes on Nursing," has something to say of what must for the present be called the *occult* virtues of tea and beef-tea. Wise physicians know that, in practice, both these drinks are often found to exercise beneficial effects beyond

what can be chemically accounted for. Miss Nightingale has found it out, and sensitive nurses know it; but ordinary practitioners do not seem to know half so much about these little matters as outsiders who are sensitively quick to observe. A doctor will obstinately go on prescribing cocoa, for a chemical reason, when tea is the very restorative needed. He will prescribe beef-tea in certain cases because it is a mild form of nutriment, but ordinary practitioners have no idea what a restorative it is in certain kinds of illness—say jaundice and its congeners. They will go on pounding away, month after month, with calomel, and gentian, and salines, when what the patient wants is a stimulant of some kind to "give things a turn." Take a striking case of routine practice which did mischief. A patient, approaching full convalescence, began to eat, as the doctor thought and perhaps correctly, a great deal too much. Suddenly he changed the physic, and the patient began to feel a new symptom—nausea. The doctor happened to be talking with an intelligent friend of the patient; and said that So-and-so was eating too much. "Well," said the friend, "what do you do in such cases?" "Oh," replied the doctor, "we slightly nauseate them." Now, this was spoken with sublime unconcern; but the fact was, that feeling sick did an imaginative patient more harm than ten tons of physic could have done him good. The friend let the cat out of the bag to the patient, and the physic went into the dust-heap.

It might tend to check the reliance of ordinary medical men upon routine both in matters of physic and of regimen, if they would reflect how very little practical good has come out of certain things from which much was (not unnaturally) expected. What a fine chance it seemed to be for pathologists when the Canadian had the permanent hole in his stomach, from a gunshot wound! But how much better off are we for knowing that while mutton digests in three hours, pork takes five? Practically, we knew before quite as much as we do now, namely, that pork is a much heavier meat than mutton. Pathology has not, so far as we know, made a single step in advance in consequence of that fine opportunity. From chemistry, medicine has, of course, gained much—the single word quinine, as distinguished from the clumsy bark infusion, or tincture, speaks volumes. But she has undoubtedly lost something too, and mischief has been done by the "fads" or hobbies which the advance of chemical facilities has ministered to. We have a strong suspicion that far too great reliance has for years been placed upon iodine. The prussic acid "fad" of the late Dr. Eliotson was, we believe, a mischievous one. And, generally speaking, a doctor with a remedial hobby is a man to be avoided, if possible. But most able men with specialties have hobbies too, and we must take the rough with the smooth.

Of surgeons in general—gentlemen who devote themselves to the knife and cautery—we have only two things to say—their skill is a thing to wonder at day and night, and some of them are a little too quick to exercise it. A clever dentist, for example, will most likely have a sort of sacred fury for extracting teeth, and a clever amputator will be a shade too ready to pronounce that the hour is come for losing your leg. But these are trifles; and, whatever else may be said of doctors, very few people have anything to say against their kindness and their practical wisdom; certainly not literary men, from whom so many of the profession refuse to take fees at all. Of the good nature and personal honour of doctors (necessarily familiar as they so often are with the most delicate secrets), our own observation entitles us to say that no words of recognition can possibly be too warm. Again, although it is commonly said that they are as a rule apt to be irreligious men—that is far from being as true as it seems. Men of scientific or inductive genius are naturally slow to believe in things that cannot be inductively proved; but of all scientific men, doctors are usually the most religious. If anything in their peculiar pursuit has a bearing upon this, it is probably the fact that they are so familiar with human suffering, and with the movements of the human heart when it beats its highest. How much must a doctor see (of human wickedness, no doubt, but also, and chiefly) of the high and the deep places in emotional experience; of clinging, passionate love, of self-sacrifice, of faith, of the self-recovering power of noble natures! Unless we are misinformed, one of the greatest of living writers, Mr. William Gilbert, is a doctor by profession; and those who have watched his books from the beginning, or those who happen to study them afresh upon this hint, will note, in a hundred places, that "instinct celeste pour le malheur" which belongs peculiarly to the doctor as well as to women, though it was to women that Buffon attributed it. The kindness of a kind doctor, considering what he has to do and go through, is one of the most affecting things in the world. Nor, because we think we can readily discern the limits of his skill in

ordinary practice, do we doubt his value in cases of illness, or the hardship to which he is undoubtedly exposed in being sent for, as he usually is, too late. The doctor is of the very greatest use in this respect, that when a person is sick, it is highly essential in the first place to know what is the matter with him, and in the second place to have somebody about the patient whose will is law; for even though the will should not always be wise, a kindly-meant despotism is better than anarchy in desperate moments. Besides, medicine apart, a good doctor really does know how hot a room should be; when a patient may leave it; how long a patient with bronchitis should keep in one temperature; and what progress, backward or forward, a disease is making. Experience teaches these things, and many more, in which the sick must be cared for by a decisive authority.

And here we find ourselves at the end of our space, without having said anything of the general policy of the profession, or of the preliminary education of a student intended for medicine.

THE WINTER GALLERIES.

THAT branch of pre-Raphaelitism which went aside to form what may be called the Nightmare school of modern art is largely represented in the Dudley exhibition of this winter. The method whereby toasted cheese becomes transformed into imaginative products is a physiological problem which Professor Bain himself might give up in despair; but the obvious results of the process, which are never quite absent from our picture-exhibitions, form so large a proportion of the Dudley pictures as to be remarkable. The worst of it is that men who seemed fitted for better things are lending themselves to this sickly travestie of a healthy and hopeful movement in modern art. There is Mr. Henry Wallis, for example, whose "Death of Chatterton" every one remembers as a fine piece of true and delicate workmanship. Mr. Wallis now appears as the author of a moorland scene which is like nothing in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth either. There is a respectably-drawn female figure in the foreground of the picture; but the landscape itself is, in the scientific sense of the word, "monstrous." Instead of the fine, aerial purple that some sunsets throw over a great stretch of moorland, we have a horizontal bar of opaque blue sealing-wax. The type of the Nightmare school, however, may be found in "The City of Florence," by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope. The repulsive, not to say absurd, aspect of this picture, takes it out of the domain of art altogether. Now we are sufficiently familiar with minor violations of common sense in modern exhibitions. We know the recurrent figure of the woman with orange-coloured hair, a purple bodice, and a halo round her face, who stands in a blue garden among impossible trees, with a broken plate above her head in the sky. That sort of picture is unimportant; because it represents the hysterical efforts of utter dulness to achieve something singular. But what we deprecate is the fact of good men abandoning themselves to these perverse vagaries. "Coat-and-waistcoat realism" in art is bad enough (and it is very prevalent just now); but anything is preferable to this sham realism, which aims at giving palpable form to the vapours of a disordered digestion.

As a whole, this second winter exhibition at the Dudley Gallery is not very excellent, but it contains some good pictures. By far the finest piece of work in the exhibition—Mr. A. H. Burr's "Katherine and Petruchio"—is hung behind a screen; and another capital picture by the same artist, "After the Battle of Culloden," is placed in the cold shade of the entrance-way. "Katherine and Petruchio" is, in every sense, an admirable painting. The intense life and expression which pervades both the figures is only equalled by the general richness and harmony of the colouring. The rollicking, audacious merriment of Petruchio's face, the swagger of his position as he leans back in his chair, shoots out his legs, and laughs at his furious wife—the haughty, perplexed, virulent, despairing anger of her face and straitened figure, are altogether a delicious study. The mere workmanship, too, of the picture, is admirable; the tone of it is quite a relief to the eye that has wandered over some of the crude and harsh pictures in its neighbourhood. An obvious defect in the painting, however, is the fact that Katherine is at least seven feet high. "A Street Sermon," by A. H. Tourrier, is a clever composition, with some good character-drawing in it. A Puritan preacher is lecturing a number of people collected in the street; some half-tipsy cavaliers are passing, one of whom proposes to pull down the preacher from his rostrum; and an indignant hearer is about to draw his sword and rush upon the profane joker. Several of the figures in the crowd—notably that of a bluff and

rubicund soldier—are excellently drawn; but the colouring of the picture is cold and chalky. The figure of the flute-player in Mr. J. Burr's "A Music Lesson" is a capital study, full of expression and strength of colour. Very fine in colour and simple in subject is Mr. Yeames's "Daily Occupations." There is nothing in the picture beyond the figure of a lady standing at the door of her house, and yet the perfect tone of the composition betokens the presence of a true work of art. Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Frères Ignorantins" is also good. The brethren are passing along a street in Chatenay, and the solemn pairs of black-garmented priests pass under a bust of Voltaire. The expression on the various faces of the brethren, as they become conscious that the stone eyes of their enemy are upon them, is very finely painted. There is something awkward, however, in the drawing of the right leg of each of the priests. People do not walk in that fashion, unless they labour under malformation of the lower limbs. There are some smaller studies which are good in their way. Miss Louisa Starr's "Syrian Orange Girl" may take a place among the female figures in the exhibition similar to that which "Nina Balatka" takes among the heroines of modern fiction. Miss Solomon's "Helena" is full of fine feeling. Mr. Holyoake's "Connoisseur" is a clever little picture. Among the landscapes Mr. G. M. Robb's bit from Westmoreland deserves prominent mention. The colour of this picture is very fine. There is a remarkable view of "The Thames at Chelsea," by Mr. E. Napier Hemy, which is singularly faithful in its atmospheric tone. Mr. C. J. Lewis's "Crossing the Trimille" is of the shop-window-style; it is too spiky in drawing, and violent in colour. Two grey sea pieces, by A. W. Williams and Henry Moore, succeed in giving a very pleasing and true representation of certain atmospheric effects. Mr. G. C. Stanfield's "Mont St. Michel," on the other hand, is hard and conventional. It wants that wonderful grey glamour that half hides the great rock from view, as one stands on the coast westward from Pontorson, and looks over the wet sand towards the citadel of the dragon.

The Pettie and Orchardson school is powerfully, if not numerously, represented in the exhibition at the French Gallery, which is remarkably good this year. Mr. J. Pettie's "The Rehearsal" is full of life, vigour, and strong colour. The subject is an old violinist playing to a little girl who is rehearsing her dancing for some singing saloon. The old man's figure is an exact duplicate of Mr. Graham's "Dominie," which appeared in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy; nor is the personal likeness—attributable, we believe, to both artists having drawn from the same model—the only point of resemblance between the two pictures. The peculiar handling of the Pettie and Orchardson school—which seems to consist in leaving minute touches of colour raw and ragged so as to heighten the intensity of effect when the picture is seen from some distance—was as evident in the face of Mr. Graham's "Dominie" as it is in the face of Mr. Pettie's "violinist." Mr. Orchardson's "The Sick Chamber" is a very fine picture. The colour has a subdued strength about it which can only be appreciated by continued study from a point of view sufficiently distant. When the picture is looked at too closely, the handling becomes apparent, and has an appearance of scratchiness. Another instance of two artists having drawn from the same model is to be found in Mr. E. Long's "Christmas Charities at Seville," and Mr. Burgess's "The Favourite Padre." In the latter picture two priests are passing some town's-people, one of them a fat, beef-eating, sensual-looking man, the other with a head like Dr. Newman or Mr. Mill. The town's-people crowd round the latter and implore his blessing; among them being a boy and girl, who also figure in Mr. Long's picture. Both pictures are careful studies, with good expression in some of the heads. Mr. T. Faed, R.A., sends a "Highland Mary"—the figure of a good-looking, "sonsy," decent Scotch lass. There is a fine picture by M. Perrault, "The Morning Meal"—the simple portrait of a mother feeding her child. Neither head is conventionally beautiful; but the colour and the feeling of the painting are alike admirable. Mr. H. B. Roberts's "The Halt in the Pilgrimage" is a very clever picture. Two monks have halted in the forest to cook dinner for themselves, and while one is earnestly blowing up, with his extended and rosy cheeks, a fire of chips, the other, with a pleased expression on his face, is contentedly plucking a chicken. "Barnaby Rudge and his Raven," by the same artist, is full of character, vigour, and life-like drawing. Barnaby is looking at his feathered companion with that unconscious amusement on his face which is evidently muscular and not mental. His face laughs, while his eyes vacantly wonder. This odd combination is constantly witnessed on the faces of persons mentally affected, and Mr.

Roberts has caught it very cleverly. M. Bouguereau's "Shepherdess" is remarkable for its singular refinement of tone and delicacy of treatment. Mr. T. F. Dicksee sends a number of pretty female heads, which seem to be much admired by visitors. "The Persistent Suitor" is one of a number of pictures by Mr. A. Campbell, a young Scotch artist, who died recently. Several of Mr. Campbell's pictures show signs of undoubted promise; the pose of the figure in "The Persistent Suitor," and the colouring in one or two of his other contributions, may be taken as evidence. Among the landscapes we are inclined to give the first place to Mr. Vicat Cole's "Holmbury Common." The simple force of this composition is very remarkable. It contains nothing but a wide heath in shadow, a cart of cut wood, a background in sunlight, and a windy sky. It is altogether an excellent study. Mr. Creswick's "Glen in North Wales" is not a cheerful effort. The picture is dull in tone, and the trees and rocks of the glen are of that characterless kind which remind one of nothing but other bad pictures. There is some force in the "Chatham, from Stroud" of Mr. H. J. Dawson, sen. The orange-hued chalk-pit on the left is good; but one is disposed to question the accuracy of the emporurpled hues of heather which lead down to a wharf on the Medway. Mr. G. H. Boughton sends "The Last of the *Mayflower*"—the vessel disappearing on the horizon, with a couple of figures on the English shore, wistfully gazing after it. The picture is fine, cold in tone, and true. Mr. B. W. Leader sends several landscapes, of various degrees of merit. What will probably be most admired is a commonplace sunset of the Boddington or Williams style of picture-manufacture, entitled "A Highland Loch." There is more of the English tea-tray than of the Highland loch in the landscape.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. ODGER has retired from his candidature of Chelsea, but he is not satisfied, and his friends are not satisfied. The Chelsea Working Men's Electoral Association held a meeting a few evenings ago, at which a good deal of bitter language was uttered against those who had been instrumental in inducing the withdrawal of the artisans' candidate. This seems to us rather unreasonable. The question whether Mr. Odger or Sir Henry Hoare should retire, and so save the Liberal party in the new borough from the dangers of a split, was submitted to the arbitration of Messrs. Stansfeld, Hughes, and Taylor. Of these gentlemen, the first two are well known for their sympathy with the working classes, and their thoroughly Liberal views; yet the decision arrived at was that Sir Henry Hoare had the better chance, and that therefore Mr. Odger ought to give way. He has accordingly given way, yet he grumbles, and his friends grumble. At the meeting it was loudly affirmed that the working men had been betrayed by false friends in whom they had trusted; that it had been once more proved that the middle class had no sympathy with operatives; that it was known that Mr. Odger had a better chance than Sir Henry Hoare, and that a great wrong had been committed. The chairman (Mr. Neiass) said "he hoped the feelings of those present would be freely expressed as to whether they would now support Sir Henry Hoare"—at which there were hisses and cries of "No"; and Mr. Odger himself, while admitting the high character of the referees, said:—"No doubt the working men had been insulted by what had taken place. A blow had been dealt to the Liberal party, and, although he was as faithful to the Liberal party as any man could be, he was not faithful to every limb of it, because he knew there was a rotten limb behind it." All this is very regrettable. It places working men in the position of children who fall into a pit unless they have everything their own way. For our own parts, we must believe, until we see cause to the contrary, that the "high character" of the referees has not been violated by an unjust decision.

THERE is now no doubt whatever that in Ireland the elections will be more favourable to Mr. Gladstone than any contest has been to a Liberal Minister within the last fifty years. The voters have learned to distinguish his policy from that of the defunct Whigs, despite the efforts made by a few crack-brained enthusiasts who, from different eccentric motives, confuse modern Liberalism with the obsolete adherence to mere party, which marked the school of Earl Russell. It must be said that the press has done everything to bring about a sound national faith on this point. The Liberal journals in Ireland comprehend whatever journalistic talent is to be found in the country.

With the single exception of the *Dublin Mail*, the Conservative papers are curiosities of illiterate nonsense, and their sad incapacity even for mischief is being much complained of by their subscribers. It should also be noted that the Liberal press is fearlessly instructing the people to think for themselves independently of the suggestions or control of the landlords or the priests. This is quite a new state of things in Ireland, where the peasantry and the small shopkeepers were, on the approach of an election, constantly influenced by the fears of eviction, or the terrors of braving the Church. The papers are now eagerly bought up and read, and the people listen with undisguised impatience and disgust to any dictation in secular matters by their clergy. Mr. Gladstone is, and the fact is significant, more popular through the press than he would be through the priests, who did not recommend him warmly until they could not help it.

A MOST extraordinary statement comes from Blackburn. It is to the effect that several of the workmen employed at mills owned by Conservative masters have been forcibly turned out of their places, together with their wives and children, on account of holding Liberal opinions. Some time ago, a private circular was addressed by certain of the Conservative employers to such of their workmen as the Reform Act has enfranchised, and in this document the "screw" was unblushingly applied. It was hardly supposed, however, that matters would be carried to the length which they are now said to have reached. According to the *Manchester Examiner* of Thursday, a large number of artisans were on Tuesday morning violently seized as they presented themselves at the mills of Tory masters, and thrust by their fellow-workmen out of doors. Several women and girls were treated in the same manner, and the reason alleged by their opponents was that "they would have no Radicals there." Some of the ejected men resisted the outrage, and a rather serious riot ensued. The same thing occurred once more on Wednesday morning, when the Liberal "hands" again presented themselves at the mills, and were again driven forth. The masters, on being spoken to, said they "could not help it;" but there can be little doubt that the act has been committed by their connivance, if not at their actual instigation. Little disposed as we are to think well of Tory landlords and Tory employers in their dealings with dependents, we could not have anticipated such a flagrant invasion of private rights as this, and we should be glad if the first accounts could be in any way attenuated. The circumstance, however, is too much in accordance with the traditional spirit of Toryism—with the tyranny, violence, and rowdyism which mark its whole career—to leave us much room to hope that the narrative is otherwise than substantially correct. About five hundred persons have thus been turned out of work, and condemned to a period of want, for the crime of political independence. If the Conservatives hope to win the battle this way, they are greatly mistaken. They will increase and intensify an opposition which is already stronger than they know how to manage. A few such acts will array against them the opinions, not only of all Liberals, but of all decent men, to whatsoever party they may incline.

NOTHING very conspicuous or distinctive, unless it be in a negative sense, is found in the King of Prussia's speech at the opening of the Chambers on Wednesday. His Majesty alluded to the continued depression of trade, the bad harvest of last year, and the consequent failure of the revenue to keep pace with the necessities of the State, thus compelling a resort to the extraordinary revenue, in order to cover the expenditure, curtailed though that has been. It is added, however, that prospects are brightening, and that the abundant harvest of this year gives hope that there will be no return of last winter's distress. The Government, we are told, contemplates handing over to the provincial and communal corporations, for independent consideration, all such branches of public business as do not require the direction and care of the State authorities. This arrangement (to facilitate which the country will be divided into districts) has doubtless been rendered necessary by the great extension of the monarchy, and it will be a good antidote to the excessive centralization which has hitherto characterized the Prussian government. With respect to foreign affairs, the King addresses a courteous word to Spain, on account of her revolution, and to the members of the Geneva International Congress for their completion and extension to navies of the principles already agreed upon with respect to armies touching the treatment of the wounded in time of war. All through his speech, the King seems to be rather evading the necessary reference to foreign affairs; but at length he

comes to it, and assures the deputies that the sovereigns and nations of Europe are equally desirous of peace, and that we may confidently trust that tranquillity will no longer be disturbed by "groundless fears." However unsatisfactory this language may be in its vague generality, it must be admitted that the address contains nothing of a nature to irritate France, and that it betrays no disposition to advance towards the absorption of Southern Germany. It can hardly be doubted that the known views of France on this subject, and the increased military force of that Power, have had something to do with the latter abstention.

SPAIN presents little of note this week. The country is still waiting for its Constituent Assembly, and in the meanwhile the Finance Minister asks for a loan of £25,000,000, and Senor Olozaga, in defiance of his antecedents, argues against entire religious freedom, and tries to put in its stead a half-hearted "toleration," based on mutual concessions. Up to the present time, however, religious freedom under the revolution seems to have been absolute, and without check.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON's speech at the Sheriffs' Inauguration Banquet on Wednesday evening was chiefly remarkable for its repetition of the speaker's confidence in all differences between this country and the United States being shortly removed, and for the emphatic assurance that the debt contracted during the war by the American Government would be paid, to the last dollar, "in that which the world recognises as money." Loud cheers signified the approval of the City gentlemen on hearing this statement.

MR. GEORGE F. TRAIN has issued an address to the Fenians of New York, in which he says:—

"Rally round Savage, Nagle, Meany, and Robinson, for Congress as *Independent men*. Don't waste your votes on Tammany and Belmont, go in for Grant and Colfax, and I will demand, in your name, positions under the Government, to which your abilities entitle you. The Democrats will be defeated. How can they help *Ireland*? Griswold is my partner in the *Cré dit Foncier* of America. Hoffman is not. Griswold uses American iron, Hoffman uses English. Break party, and strike for *Ireland*."

This amiable enthusiast and trusty politician also says that, if the Fenians will vote for Grant, he (Train) will demand in their name that certain American citizens, of Irish origin, now in British prisons, "be sent home in a British man-of-war." He will not act unless he is elected "independent." "Interest or fear is my motto;" also, "Civis Americanus sum." Lord Stanley must be careful, or this Train will run us down.

IT is eminently gratifying to learn that though Mr. Spurgeon was formerly addicted to total abstinence, he has now broken out into common sense in that particular, and takes his glass of wine or beer when he wants it. Mr. Spurgeon, however, improves the occasion of the change after his own happy manner. When he first cut off his liquor he found he could not, without loss of health, continue the regimen, and, in order not to give scandal, he drank little jorums out of medicine-bottles in a room by himself, with the door locked. After a while it occurred to him that this course savoured of a secret sin, and now he has his social glass without an apothecary's label and in public. We trust Mr. Spurgeon's audience at the Tabernacle will not think the worse of him for his separation from the vinegar-cruet bigots of the United Kingdom Alliance.

CONSOLS both for money and the account are at 94½ to 94½. There has been much fluctuation in the railway market, and prices have slightly declined. Foreign securities have been heavy. Colonial Government securities have been steady at good prices. Bank shares have not been in demand. Mining and miscellaneous shares have been dull. The Directors of the Bank of England have given notice that on Wednesday, the 2nd of December, Consols, New £5 per Cents. New £3. 10s. per Cents., New £2. 10s. per Cents., annuities for terms of years, and India £5 per Cents., will be transferable without the dividend due on the 5th of January next; also that the transfer books for East India stock will be shut on Tuesday, the 8th of December, and opened again on Wednesday, the 6th of January, 1869. The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were—to Calcutta £171,100, and to Madras £28,900. The minimum price was fixed at 1s. 10½d., as before, and

tenders on both Presidencies at 1s. 11½d. will receive about 72 per cent. These results show a further increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East.

At the extraordinary general meeting of the St. Thomas's Floating Dock Company, resolutions were passed for voluntary liquidation with the view to the formation of a new company, with a capital of £135,000, in 20,000 shares of £6. 15s. each, of which 10,000 are to be issued as A shares fully paid up, and 10,000 as B shares, with £3. 15s. paid; the A shares to take no dividend until the B class receive a dividend of 10 per cent. An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders in the Commercial Clothing Company (Limited) was held at the Guildhall Tavern on Saturday last, when a resolution to wind up the company voluntarily was carried by a large majority, and Messrs. George Brown, T. J. Thomas, Elias Davis (Moses, Son, & Davis), and Walter Ludbrook, were appointed liquidators. At the annual meeting of the Fourth City Mutual Building and Investment Society, interest was declared on the original investing shares at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and the report stated that the advances for the past year amounted to £46,060. The subscriptions received on investing shares were £18,551, the repayments on advances £22,510, and the deposits received £32,587. The amount to the credit of investing members and depositors is £100,041.

It is announced that the joint committee of management of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies have just completed arrangements for establishing an agency in Paris at No. 1, Rue Scribe, at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens, the object being to afford greater facilities for the transmission of messages by their cables to America. The list is at the same time given of half a dozen American bankers in Paris, who will act as their agents. The Directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, at a recent Board meeting, resolved to declare a further interim quarterly dividend of 10s. per share, free of income-tax, payable on the 1st of December. The particulars are published of 23 bonds, representing £4,500, of the Swedish Provincial Mortgage Loan, which have been drawn by lot, and are to be paid off at par on the 1st December, by Messrs. Dent, Palmer, & Co. The interest due on the 1st November on the bonds of the 1st division of the Saint Paul and Pacific Railroad Company of Minnesota is advertised for payment in due course by Messrs. Robert Benson & Co.

MEMORANDA.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA, whose first appearance in England, in May, 1865, obtained for her so flattering a reception, is added to the staff of the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. We propose to speak of her performance at length next week.

The Corinthian Gallery, a new exhibition of paintings, in Argyll-street, Oxford-circus, opens to-day (Saturday).

The autumn election of associates by the Institute of Painters in Water Colours took place on Monday evening. That is to say, the meeting was held, but no elections were made, as, out of seventeen candidates, none were deemed eligible.

A half-crown monthly magazine is in course of formation, to be entitled the *Anglo-Colonial*, and to appeal specially to readers throughout the colonies. It will contain articles designed to represent the interests of colonists, sketches of colonial life, and papers intended to cement the relations between Great Britain and her dependencies. Mr. Tom Hood furnishes the serial story. There has been a glut of new magazines of late; but the *Anglo Colonial* certainly represents a fresh idea.

The new burlesque at the Holborn, written by Mr. Byron, is based upon the ingenious idea of representing Lucretia Borgia as a quack doctress. Instead of Gennaro erasing the *B* from the name over the door of the Borgian mansion, he paints out the name in front of her shop and substitutes that of Dr. Mary Walker. Throughout the burlesque Miss Fanny Josephs (Gennaro) and Mr. Honey (Lucretia Borgia) give some charming little bits of music, and their acting is of that refined and humorous kind which makes burlesques bearable.

A capital piece of burlesque-acting, also, is the part taken by Miss Charlotte Saunders in "Richard III," at the Royalty Theatre. Henry of Richmond appears as a Frenchman who speaks broken English; and the "make-up" of the character is admirable. Miss Oliver and Mr. Danvers are likewise very amusing in this piece.

The Archaeological Institute will hold their next year's congress at Bury St. Edmund's.

The Royal Geographical Society holds its evening meeting on Monday next, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn-street, S.W., Sir R. I. Murchison, Bart., in the chair. The papers to be read are:—1. Opening Address of the President; 2. Exploration of the

Thian Shan Mountains, by M. Severtsof; 3. Routes between Eastern Turkestan and North-West India, by Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson, K.C.B.

The first evening meeting of the Geological Society will also be held on Monday next. The following papers will be read:—1. Note comparing the Geological Structure of North-west Siberia with that of Russia in Europe. By Sir R. I. Murchison, Bart, K.C.B., F.R.S., V.P.G.S., &c. 2. On the Construction of Deltas; and on the Evidence and Cause of great changes in the Sea-level during the Glacial Period. By A. Tylor, Esq., F.L.S., F.G.S. 3. On a section of a Well at Kissenengen. By Professor Sandberger, F.C.G.S.

The Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, Westminster, will commence its session of 1868-9 on the 17th inst. The chair will be taken at eight o'clock on Tuesday evenings, and the session will terminate on the 25th of May, when the President's conversazione will take place at nine p.m. The annual general meeting for the election of the council and officers, and for the distribution of premiums, will be held on Tuesday, December 22nd, at eight p.m., when no visitors will be admitted. The annual dinner has been fixed for Wednesday, April 28th. No meetings will be held on the evenings of Tuesday, December 29th, and Tuesday, January 5th; and at the meetings of March 23rd and May 11th it will be proposed to adjourn for a fortnight, in order to avoid holding meetings on the evenings of Easter and Whit Tuesday.

We have before us the first number of *Scientific Opinion: a Weekly Record of Scientific Progress at Home and Abroad*. It consists for the most part of extracts from English and foreign publications devoted to the various departments of science; but there is also a certain amount of original matter, and reports of the various learned bodies are given. To persons interested in the exact sciences—and their number increases every year—such a journal must be interesting and valuable, since it collects into a focus the various rays of knowledge and speculation scattered throughout Europe and America. The first number of the new periodical contains a great variety of articles on subjects connected with mechanics, meteorology, astronomy, photography, ethnology, entomology, medicine, hygiene, geography, &c. The selections are made with great judgment, and we look to *Scientific Opinion* for filling a gap the existence of which has long been felt and acknowledged. The paper is to appear every Wednesday. It is published at fourpence.

A series of scientific lectures is now being delivered to the costermongers and other poor (and in some cases not very reputable) inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Golden-lane, Old-street. These discourses—which are illustrated by specimens, diagrams, models, and experiments—seem to have been successful; and it is said to be touching to see the way in which the dull and stolid faces light up at any demonstration which the audience are capable of understanding.

Mr. Robert Browning's contemplated method of producing his new poem—viz., in four monthly volumes—is a somewhat novel idea as regards poetry. We have hitherto had to take our verse in the lump. To receive it in instalments is a lazy luxury which we have not yet been permitted to enjoy. Some poems, even of the narrative order, are better fitted for fragmentary publication than others. Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," being a species of novel in blank verse, would have done very well in monthly parts; and so would George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy." It remains to be seen how the author of "Sordello" can adapt himself to such a mode of production, and whether, as the *Publishers' Circular* suggests, he will set a fashion of this description among our poets. "Hitherto," says that trade organ, "the poets, as far as we are aware, have not ventured to make their appearance in this way, unless we take the eccentric case of Mr. R. H. Horne, who, for some unexplained whim, chose to issue an 'epic' poem some years ago in farthing numbers." We believe that the writer is here in error, and that the whole of "Orion"—a really fine poem, by the way—was brought out at once at a farthing, in order to test whether the public would buy poetry if they could get it cheap. Lytton's "New Timon," however, came out in periodical parts early in 1846, and "Childe Harold" was not published all at once. The practice, therefore, is not entirely new, but it is sufficiently so to cause some curiosity.

The *Publishers' Circular* is also in error in speaking of the late Mr. Dilke as "the editor, and indeed the founder, of the *Athenaeum*." The first editor of that journal was the late Mr. Silk Buckingham, and the proprietor was Mr. Colburn, the publisher. Mr. Colburn was at that time also a principal proprietor of the *Literary Gazette*, and was annoyed at finding that, owing to an excess of editorial independence, his own books got very frequently "cut up." He therefore started the *Athenaeum* early in 1828, in opposition to what was in a great measure his own property. It did not succeed, and passed into the hands of Mr. Carlyle's friend John Sterling, by whom (in conjunction with the Rev. F. D. Maurice) it was made an organ of a species of Broad Church theology, tinctured with Coleridgean and Edward-Irvingite views. Still, it did not do, and ultimately it became the property of Mr. Dilke, who, by vigorous management, and lowering the price from eightpence to fourpence, made the paper a great commercial success.

This week's number of *Fun* calls attention to a review in a recent number of the *Athenaeum*, in which the reviewer, while speaking of a work on Alpine scenery, thus pleasantly discourses of his personal experiences when abroad:—"We met with two foreign gentlemen of rank, who, together with their wives, were about to take the same course at the same time. Thrown together by chance

in the same rough chalet, we became sudden friends in Alpine adventure. All five of us walked together the next day over the glacier pass. Never did we find more agreeable companions. Never was a baron more affable to a commoner. Never were ladies of rank more courteous to a stranger. . . . We had a pound of first-rate tea in our knapsack. Of this we offered a share to the baroness at the rude inn on the evening before; and the Baroness politely requested some more on the summit of the Col St. Théodule. . . . When we came at length to part at Zermatt, both Baron and Baroness shook us heartily by the hand, and hoped another year to have our 'agreeable' companionship on a similar excursion."

We are glad to find the veteran Charles Knight still in the field with his *British Almanack and Companion* for 1869, the forty-second volume of the series.

An edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," modernized by Mr. Frederick Clarke, of Taunton, is announced for publication by himself, in monthly parts, price sixpence each. Chaucer has been modernized more than once before. Dryden took the old poet in hand, and re-wrote, rather than re-dressed, some of his best tales; and about seven-and-twenty years ago a selection was published, in which the old English had been modernized by several hands, including Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. The attempt, however, has never been successful, and we are therefore doubtful about any further efforts in the same direction.

With reference to a paragraph which was quoted in our last number from *Once a Week*, we have received the following letter from the secretary of "Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited. To the Editor of the LONDON REVIEW. Sir,—Your last number, dated 31st October, refers to assertions of a Dr. Kemmerich, that Liebig's extract of meat acts in large doses as a poison. You are probably not aware that extract of meat is, in fact, nothing but solid beef tea from which the water has been evaporated, free of fat and gelatine, and that the extract has been used, both for medical and household purposes, for years past, with such increasing success, that the main difficulty of dealers generally has been to find an adequate supply for the rapidly increasing demand. The medical profession, eminent scientific authorities, and Government commissions have reported very favourably on extract of meat as an article of food, and there has never been a single instance of its use having produced any injurious effect. It is manifest that the insinuation that the extract is poisonous in any way is perfectly absurd.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES ROTTER, Secretary."

It would appear, from an inscription on a tombstone in Bishop-Wearmouth churchyard, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, that the people of Sunderland were very late in adopting the typographic art. The inscription runs:—"Rowland Wetherald (Mathematician), he departed this life 19 June, 1791. He was the first who set up printing in Sunderland."

A correspondent of the same publication thus explains the use of "y" as an abbreviation of "the"—a point which has puzzled many persons:—"For some time after the establishment of the English language, the Anglo-Saxon letter representing 'th' continued in usage; in appearance it resembled 'y,' and its use in latter days may have been possibly confined to the particle in question. This Anglo-Saxon letter was not included in the first moveable types for printing, and in MSS. had passed into the 'y' it so greatly resembled. The printers copied the 'y,' and it has continued up to the present time in occasional use." In old documents, the words "that," "then," and some other words commencing with "th," are shortened in the same way.

Rossini's health seems to be slightly improving; at any rate, it is not worse. The composer has undergone an operation, not of a very serious character, and has apparently got over it well.

All the bandmasters of all the French regiments are to set their wits to work towards the composition of a new march for the Mobile National Guard. Who is really to make the selection from amongst the various competitors does not appear; but the nominal arbitrator is to be the Minister of War. Fancy Sir John Pakington sitting in judgment on a set of tunes! There is a rumour in France that the Government mean to appeal to public competition for a new national air—"to supplant the *Marseillaise*," says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, making a strange error. We need hardly remind our readers that the *Marseillaise* is the *revolutionary* air, and is now forbidden in France as provocative of sedition. The national air under the Empire is "Partant pour la Syrie," composed by Queen Hortense, the Emperor's mother, a very poor air, which might well give place to something better.

Referring to Sir John Pakington, we are reminded of a strange testimonial which the right honourable gentleman has given to the merits of a public character (of whom, by the bye, we never heard before), and which he permits the said character to publish. Thus it runs:—"Copy of testimonial from the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, her Majesty's Secretary of State for War.—'I have seen Miss Lydia Howard, the Little Fairy Actress, in some of her principal parts, and I think it a very extraordinary and delightful performance.—Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonard's.' When, some years ago, the Earl of Aldborough allowed the cure of his bad leg of thirty years' standing by Holloway's pills to be advertised all over the world (including, probably, the Pyramids of Egypt), it was thought by many rather a questionable proceeding for a Lord. But a Minister of State is a much more important personage than a mere Earl, especially an Irish Earl; and if Sir John Pakington did not care for his own dignity, or that of his colleagues, he might have recollect what was due to her Majesty and the nation.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THERSITES AMONG THE PROPHETS.*

THAT "not all men are equal to all things," is either no part of the creed of Mr. James Grant, or is a part of it which does not affect his belief that he is himself equal to everything soever, and a few other things besides. Not many are the men who can stand under the burden of editing a daily paper. Mr. James Grant can not only do this, but can do it with a jauntiness and superfluity of strength that might fill Hercules with envy, while, as a mere amusement and relaxation from pleasurable toil, he keeps jealous watch over the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of all the pulpits in London, reviews *παρέψης* a voluminous field of modern polemics, and writes books by wholesale on the profoundest and most difficult mysteries that have strained the hearts of mankind. To the affectation of "usefulness," he conjoins a passion for alliteration, and has discoursed in sixteen different works on "Seasons of Solitude; or, Moments of Meditation;" on "The Foes of our Faith, and How to Defeat Them;" on "Grace and Glory, or the Believer's Bliss in Both Worlds," &c.; his seventeenth performance being a bulky exposure of what he has described as "The Religious Tendencies of the Times; or, How to Deal with the Deadly Errors and Dangerous Delusions of the Day."

Long the advocate of the licensed victuallers, and, speaking with authority in almost every public-house in London, he has shown us how devotion to beer may be reconciled with consecration to brimstone in another sense than that of which we have sometimes heard. The book owes its origin, we are informed, to the author's dismay at the laxity of prevalent opinion about hell. "The Religious Tendencies of the Times" he regards as very irreligious, and the proof that they are so indeed, is the fact that many persons recognise a human element intermingled with the divine in the inspiration of the Bible, and have ventured to hope that the "for ever and ever" which is in the sentence of the finally lost, may be taken with the qualification which pity is ready to suggest. To entertain opinion or sentiment like this, is to have "the mark of the beast" on one's forehead. Doubt whether the misery of hell will be lasting as the purity of Heaven, and this pious and most charitable author will be prepared to hear that you are a hypocrite and dissembler in all the relations of life, and that you lack nothing but the withdrawal of outward restraints to exhibit yourself as the scowling and malignant infidel you probably are.

What was the author's object in publishing all this rant we are not careful to inquire. That it was to show us "how to deal with the deadly errors, &c.," we might have been weak enough to credit, only that we have read the book in which the profession is made. If any last motives were wanting to determine one's final conclusion as to the eternity or non-eternity of future punishment—the only subject Mr. Grant has made a pretence to discuss—we know nothing so likely to furnish those motives and determine the question in favour of non-eternity as these five hundred and fifty pages written on the other side. Mr. Grant has been horrified to discover that, in relation to this and other doctrines, there is a "concerted and systematic combination" of "traitors in the Christian camp." They are betraying Christianity as Judas betrayed Christ. Their names are Stanley, Maurice, Clay, and a legion besides, with the most convenient Colenso at their head. The state of things is perfectly appalling. The innocent nation is slumbering over a vast mine, unconscious of the destruction prepared for it. But Mr. James Grant has appeared. He is the heaven-sent deliverer who has been down into the vaults, has seen the gunpowder and the lantern and the fuze, and would have seen Guy Fawkes himself, only that, immediately on the author's approach, that "extravagant and erring spirit bled to his confine," leaving in the nostrils of his pursuer sufficient reason to conjecture where that confine was. It is worth no one's while to follow Mr. Grant in detail through the foolish and illogical diatribes in which his inquiries have resulted. We make two charges against his book, and shall limit ourselves to their vindication.

I. "The Religious Tendencies of the Times" is an eminently slanderous book.—To Mr. James Grant the dead are no more sacred from assault than are the living, and if anything of holy lustre should surround their names, there is only so much more reason why this Philistine's hoofs should trample their graves. Of course, if a man appeals to the public through the press, he

must lay his account with criticism more or less hostile, and his arguments are as open to analysis after a century as when they are first broached. But there are degrees in things. There are principles and morals in literary war as in other wars; and as it is for the advantage of all that actual war should be attended by no needless cruelty or barbarism, so is it for the advantage of all that the war of opinion should have as little as possible of the tomahawk, and the stab from behind, and the savage. Mr. James Grant is of a different opinion. Powerless to overcome in open argument, he can find a dagger for reputations and poison to embitter private life. For example:—He makes it evident in repeated references that he has an abundant hatred for Dean Stanley. But he discovers no ignorance to correct, no fallacy to expose, no argument he can refute; so he endeavours to destroy the Dean by declaring him a "semi-infidel," and the abettor of flagrant immorality in the matter of "Subscription."

A London clergyman named Minton has given some offence to Mr. Grant. Formerly they were intimate friends; but now Mr. Minton is proclaimed as holding views "the most awful" and "the most repulsive." We all know what it means for a working clergyman to be charged by the unctuous mouth of godly phrases with the sin of teaching "most awful views;" and we know that the libel loses nothing of its edge by the suggestion that, instead of publishing his book, Mr. Minton should have "laid him in the lowest dust and plunged his soul into a sea of sorrow." Dean Alford, too, is the holder of "loose views." According to the excessively bad English of our reformer, "Everywhere, and at all points, Christianity has to do battle with the most powerful confederacies it ever before had to confront," and Dean Alford belongs to these confederacies. He is one of the "traitors." *Hostis humani generis*, nothing is too bad for him. He must be done to death, and then followed beyond it. The recording angel may have omitted the needful memorandum, so the recording Grant is careful to supply it. There is to be no mistake about the pious, and almost venerable, and always genial and learned Dean. It is to be remembered in the proper quarter that he "has much to answer for on the score of grave doctrinal errors,"—errors which he has not only personally entertained, and thereby endangered his soul, but "which he has assiduously laboured to spread." And the worst is not told even yet. He, Dean Alford, may be proved by construction to deny both our Lord's resurrection and the inspiration of the Bible! And the proof is what? It is this: that in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, one of the contributors found himself able to say a civil word or two about Dr. Davidson and a Professor Steynmeyer! Dean Alford is editor, *ergo*, &c., &c.

That the Bishop of London should appear to "lean in a Rationalistic direction" need surprise no one after what we have now said of this author, but we confess we were hardly prepared for his attack on so pronounced an Evangelical as Mr. Birks. It is the misfortune of Mr. Birks, however, to be "intellectual," and being "intellectual," is as certain a proof to Mr. Grant as it was to Jack Cade, that a man is "a conjurer, a villain, and a traitor."

It were tedious, however, to follow this pious slanderer in detail. Let it suffice that, besides Tait, Stanley, Alford, Maurice, Clay, Minton, Birks, he also assails by name, and with varying degrees of foulness and blasphemy, Lord Amberley, Bishop Hinds, Dr. Raleigh, Dr. Watts (of the Psalms and Hymns), Bishop Hampden, the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, Llewellyn Davies, Charles Kingsley, George MacDonald, Ruskin, Jeremy Taylor, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Carlyle, Stuart Mill, and many others. He also affirms that "Rationalism in all its varied forms is rife in our Nonconformist pulpits;" that the Independent colleges and the Baptist colleges alike turn out preachers imbued with "semi-infidel principles in general;" that "proud dishonesty and hypocrisy are prevalent in the Church of England;" and that the glory of Wesleyan Methodism, "if it has not already departed, is about to depart." As our readers have already learnt, these very wholesale accusations, however shameful, do not suffice Mr. Grant. He has named names accordingly, prefacing the last one with the information that, had it suited him, he could have mentioned others "by the score, as belonging to the category of eminent literary men who disbelieve in the more important doctrines of Scripture, and who in their writings, and by their conversation in society as well, are doing great damage to the cause of Christian truth." One of Mr. Grant's personal attacks we are sorry not to exhibit as it deserves. It is that by which he would have his readers conclude that Jeremy Taylor was a Socinian. And it somewhat comforts us. A more atrocious defamation it would be difficult to invent, and we remember that to be vilified by Thersites is better than the defilement of his praise. We have

* *The Religious Tendencies of the Times; or, How to Deal with the Deadly Errors and Dangerous Delusions of the Day.* By James Grant, Author of "Our Heavenly Home," &c., &c. London: Macintosh.

said enough, we think, to show that "The Religious Tendencies of the Times" is an eminently slanderous book.

II. *It is an eminently stupid book.*

At p. vii. we are assured that, "in his latest work, 'Shooting at Niagara'" (!) Mr. Carlyle has "joyously expressed his conviction that before fifty more years have elapsed, Christianity will cease to have even a nominal existence." Did this precious illuminator never hear before, then, of "shooting a rapid," "shooting a waterfall," or the like? Or does he suppose that such shooting is done with powder and shot? *Shooting at Niagara*, forsooth! "His latest work," too,—evidently unknown to our author as simply an incoherent magazine article that owed its notoriety to the political events of the time. The illuminator is no less in error with regard to the contents of this "latest work." "Shooting Niagara," in the parts of it that have moved our author's wrath, describes certain convictions as entertained, but not as entertained by Mr. Carlyle. There is at least one person in the world who entertains the conviction that Mr. James Grant is a heaven-sent corrector of the errors of the age; and we hereby give currency to that conviction. But, surely, Mr. James Grant will not charge *us* with entertaining it! We hope not. We have been much-enduring—but there is a limit. "It is the last ounce," &c. But we need not wonder at Mr. Grant's confusion in describing another writer's meaning, for at p. 17 he is in equal confusion with regard to his own. He makes a statement with regard to Mr. Minton which is precisely the opposite of what he intended to make.

There are many persons not unacquainted with theology or criticism, and who are never unwilling to improve their minds, who would be obliged by further information about "one of the most able and eminent biblical critics which Germany has produced," and "which" figures in the author's pages as "Oulmauhasen." Good heavens, how thankful we should be for our illuminator!

But it were only to make at least twice as many references as Mr. Grant has written pages to track him steadily through the blunders he has achieved. We shall note only one more, and pledge ourselves that it is hardly so gross as some others. At p. 393 Mr. Grant is delivered of the following:—"Among the most celebrated opponents of the doctrine of eternal punishments in the earlier periods of Greece and Rome were Lucretius, Sallust, Pliny, Plutarch, Lucian, and Cicero." Of course, we shall not do Mr. Grant the injustice of supposing that he ever gave his invaluable time to the study of any one work or fragment soever of the authors he has named. But he should hardly have referred to them in connection with such a theme, unless he knew at least something more than their names. We have never heard before of Cicero as belonging to "the earliest periods" of Greece or Rome, but he is the "earliest" of the group, and he was born 106 years before Christ. Properly speaking, Plutarch is the only author named who has any title to be called a Greek; but so far from belonging to "the earliest periods," he was not even born till nearly two whole centuries had passed after Greece had become a province of Rome. He survived the Christian martyr, Ignatius, the disciple of St. John the Divine. Lucian, Mr. Grant's other Greek, was a thorough Asiatic, versatile and godless, Syrian by birth, and as little of an authority for what was believed in "the earliest periods of Greece and Rome" as are the columns of the *Morning Advertiser* for what was done five and six hundred years ago among the polite scholars and hard thinkers who secured the revival of learning. We have said enough, we think, to show that "The Religious Tendencies of the Times," besides being an eminently slanderous book, is also an eminently stupid one.

We commend to its author an extract from one of the classics he has named. The gods held an assembly, and their herald, at the bidding of Zeus, proclaimed liberty of speech. As soon as the proclamation had been made, there arose a brazen-voiced mocker, who said: "O Zeus, I impeach everything in general; and I speak openly, not veiling my opinion on account of modesty. So far from that am I, in truth, that to most of the gods I seem a nuisance and a slanderer: they have even called me a 'common informer!'" The speaker was Momus. Can our author inform us whether Momus has risen from the dead, has exchanged nectar for beer, Olympus for the public, and ridicule for cant?

FIVE OLD FRIENDS AND A YOUNG PRINCE.*

It was Mr. James Hannay who said concerning the genius of Thackeray one of the best of all the things which that large

* *Five Old Friends and a Young Prince.* By the Author of "The Story of Elizabeth," &c. With Four Illustrations by Frederick Walker. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

topic has called forth in the way of criticism, namely, that the great novelist's mind had within it an *impluvium* of poetry which kept it fresh, though it contained no mighty fountain of song. A more felicitous metaphor does not often occur, and it might be used in speaking of the writings of the author of "The Story of Elizabeth." She cannot be called an unworldly writer; she has the same kind of quiet sagacity as her illustrious father; her common sense works, in her writings, as his did in his, with all the force, if not with all the dignity, of Fate; she is essentially of her time, and always writing with the quiet pronounced accent of an English gentlewoman of the latest social culture and the highest social opportunities; and yet the *impluvium* of poetry is there. It would be an interesting task to trace the movement of the qualities of Mr. Thackeray's genius *feminized* (if such an ugly word may be pardoned to us) in that of the fascinating writer whose book is now before us. The vein of poetry in the daughter dips more towards those facts and influences which we are accustomed to sum up under the word *Nature* than it did in the father. It seems to us, though the point is no doubt an open one, that the cord of common sense is drawn tighter in her writings than in his. Not only weak minds, but minds with a certain kind of force in them, may occasionally feel as if the blood was ready to spurt under the constriction. Mr. Thackeray himself often made his readers, or some of them, feel like that; in reading the writings of his daughter the same class of readers feel it none the less because her manner is so quiet. Again, Mr. Thackeray always impressed his readers as being distinctly *of the world* he painted so wonderfully—you could guess his position, culture, and social environment, and it appears to us that, as was to be expected, you can do this with still more certainty in the case of the lady. It may seem a necessary thing, in the nature of the case, that an English gentlewoman should write like one; but, except as to points of abstinence, it is not so. A good book does not necessarily give you the remotest hint of its author's social status or training. A book of George Eliot's does not. The best of Mrs. Gaskell's books do not. All Mr. Trollope's do. And we are quite sure that the fact, where it exists, tends to limit an author's audience. The bulk of mankind, who are outside of the circle of a certain social culture—we were going to say *cult*—feel puzzled when its existence appears to be assumed as the necessary point on which to rest the imaginative lever.

One quality which Mr. Thackeray possessed in a high degree—that of the poetic *naïveté*—is possessed in certainly not a less degree by the author of "The Story of Elizabeth." It must be called a high quality; for, though its use on any large scale implies a certain humorous self-consciousness, it is distinctly affiliated to the simplicity of genius. And no writer ever showed it consciously in his works who had it not in so great a degree that it also showed itself unconsciously in his life. In the very beautiful stories now before us, we have, at the basis of the work, the same kind of faculty as that which produced "Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo;" but while the hypothesis on which the work is supposed to rest—namely, the natural origination and indestructibility of (may we say) Fairyism—might prepare you to expect that large license of fancy would be taken, there is none taken. At the same time the glamour, or delicate threat of glamour, is so well kept hanging over the reader's head, that he would not be surprised at the most improbable thing in the world. Let us suppose that we had all been accustomed to hear fairy tales recited or played by a fairyfied story-teller, in a peculiar voice, with peculiar gestures, and with peculiar music between the acts. Then let us suppose somebody comes to us, and adopting or gliding into the voice and *manière d'être* of the fairyfied reciter, and repeating the music exactly, proceeds to tell us stories of every-day life. That is exactly what the author of these tales does, and we feel ready to be tripped up at any moment by a touch of the old wand, though the scene is laid in Sussex or in Brompton. We are decidedly of opinion that the introduction, with its theory of the natural indestructibility of the Fairy Tale, is a mistake. The effect would have been complete without this uncovering of the imaginative basis of the work; or, if not, it might, with a little labour, have been made so.

That readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* will recognise old friends in this dainty book is nothing; let them buy it and read the stories again. The publishers have got it up with much taste; symbols of the five tales—for example, the shoe of Cinderella, and the sword of Jack crossed with a giant's club—are inlaid in gold on the blue cover, and there is a golden figure of 5, with a crown at the top for the young prince. It is scarcely a book to make extracts from, but here is a lovely piece of description from the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood":—

"The parish of Dorlcote-cum-Rockington looks prettier in the

autumn than at any other time. A hundred crisp tints, jewelled rays—greys, browns, purples, glinting golds, and silvers, rustle and sparkle upon the branches of the nut trees, of the bushes and thickets. Soft blue mists and purple tints rest upon the distant hills; scarlet berries glow among the brown leaves of the hedges; lovely mists fall and vanish suddenly, revealing bright and sweet autumnal sights; blackberries, stacks of corn, brown leaves crisping upon the turf, great pears hanging sweetening in the sun over the cottage lintels, cows grazing and whisking their tails, blue smoke curling from the tall farm chimneys: all is peaceful, prosperous, golden. You can see the sea on clear days from certain knolls and hillocks."

Some of the sudden humorous touches are of the kind that can never be forgotten. As this, in "Cinderella":—"This little diamond buckle might, perhaps, have led to her identification, if young Richardson had not taken the precaution of ascertaining from Lady Jane Ella's name and address." This trick of gravely putting you off with a baulked bit of fairy incident—as if it was better than the original—is very charming. Not bad, in another way, is this about coachmen:—"Drive to Sydenham, if you please." Lady Jane's manners entirely changed when she spoke to Raton. And it is a fact" (as if that was just what we wanted in a fairy-tale) "that coachmen, from their tall boxes" (the height of them being an element of the terrible), "rule with a very high hand, and most ladies tremble before them. Raton looked very alarming in his wig, with his shoebuckles and great red face." Now, the shoebuckles would not be seen by the lady giving her orders to Raton; and the suggestion that they actually remained impressed upon the imagination as part of the general awfulness of the coachman is excellent. We warmly commend to our readers this most delightful book.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.*

THERE is a certain air of unconsciousness and simplicity about this book which is not uninteresting. The author is evidently a gentleman of the old school, who indulges in the tessellated style of writing peculiar to our ancestors. He is fond of decorating his sentences with those scraps of Latin which are supposed to indicate learning, and when he can make an opportunity for extracting a joke from the dead languages, he feels a delight in the process which is quite refreshing to witness. Indeed, he is afflicted with a complaint which causes his reader to regret that in surgery there is no operation for the pun. Perhaps he is under a false impression (shared with Addison) that those little quibbling atrocities are excusable when they hold equally bad in two languages, but he should know that since burlesques have become the fashion, this rule is obsolete. It is probable, however, that the late Esquire Bedel never saw the interesting exhibitions to which we refer, and that his notion of fun is derived from the extravaganzas of Aristophanes.

The general feeling with which a work of this kind is surveyed is one of compassion for the pathetic want of proportion in the mind of the composer. The only thing that redeems the performance from utter silliness, is the belief that the writer imagines the "cackle of his bourg" to be of supreme interest and importance to the world outside. For instance, when he tells us that his "young fingers were fully sensible of the severe winter of 1789," we can understand that the chilblains of an Esquire Bedel are subjects for historical record. Most of the anecdotes with which these chapters are as dimly lit as a room with a farthing rushlight, serve only to display that change in the fashion of humour which has taken place since Mr. Cox first supposed himself sensible to what was comic. They remind us of the merrie conceits of Dick Tarleton or his contemporaries,—pieces of jocosity for which nothing less than the three dozen ordered by Ivanhoe to Wamba ought to be bestowed upon the perpetrators. Occasionally we come across a story which, in different hands, might have provoked a smile; but, under Mr. Cox's treatment, the tale loses its point, or is so weighted with tags from Virgil and Horace, and daubed with soot from the lamp of that midnight oil consumed in the study of the classics as to be almost unrecognisable. Humboldt tells us of an Indian warrior who was anxious to know the public opinion of Europe upon his personal and political conduct; and, silly as the savage's importance may seem, it was not more absurd than the overweening vanity which prompts a gentleman shut up in a college to rush into print with his diary and notes of an obscure university existence. Of course, the little things seem big to him and to his fellows; but to people in general, jottings of this description are as idle and as valueless as the fictitious biography say of a cauliflower in a field devoted to

that species of vegetation. We have it put down, for instance, as a notable fact that a don was more than suspected of hiding a shooting-jacket under his gown and of having a day's sport. This extraordinary incident occurred *circa* 1802. It is curious, also, that in 1806, the learned writer of the work before us received "his gold staff" from the hands of the sporting Vice-Chancellor. His business was, as well as we can gather, to walk with this stick in a procession, like a drum-major, and at "the risk of being besprinkled by trundled mops in those straits of Thermopylae." Our readers will please observe the pun. Our author is amazingly prone to italics, with which he calls attention to his jokes and to his other brilliant literary performances. No lady's letter was ever so emphatic in underlining as are the pages of Mr. Cox. Perhaps there is such a thing as a distinct sex in composition, and Mr. Cox is impelled to fashion his garrulous paragraphs after a manner indicative at once of a feminine and a venerable nature.

The chapter on Proctors is the least dull in the book. The proctors were a kind of university police, and had to discharge offices of anything but an agreeable or dignified description. They had to beat up the town at night for vagabond students, to search houses of ill fame, and to run to earth the Doll Tearsheets of the period, who, we are informed, were named by Proctor Ellerton "pestes noctivagae." It is a quaint concession to that law touching the fitness of things, that up to the year 1829 the proctors received a portion of their salaries from a fund bequeathed for the support of a professor of moral philosophy. On the topic of "University Sermons and Preachers," Mr. Cox is incorrigibly jocose. He is unkind enough to remind us that a "canon" is not necessarily "a great gun," a Millerism for which a clown would be discharged from the humblest circus in the country. Hack preachers are described as "with a new saddle and bridle," when they had prepared a novel sermon; but in this respect Mr. Cox is almost unseemly. We really thought before reading his book that certain of our comic papers had touched the lowest depth of nonsense in striving to tickle their patrons of the Ancient Order of Foresters; Mr. Cox condescends still further, and turns over head and heels in the gutter, without the excuse of charging as little for the display, or as the charity of omnibus passengers would be disposed to fling him. If he had only kept to a literal transcript of anecdotes he might have constructed a readable work, but he sticks to his own amendments so pertinaciously, that we almost suspect some wag must have once laughed at him. Humouring a madman is said to be a method of keeping him quiet, but the treatment has the disadvantage of also keeping him mad. To return to Cox's anecdotes of preachers. He tells us that one minister in discoursing on the character of Abraham considered him (1) as a patriarch, (2) as the father of the faithful, (3) as a country gentleman. We should not like to say how old this story is, but it has been attributed to at least as many eccentric clergymen as the tale of the sailor and the puddings, which we only wonder Mr. Cox has omitted from his collection. Mr. Cox, under the title "Recollections de Bedellis," informs us of the names of the different Bedels who reigned within his memory. He was near precipitating more rubbish on our heads on this subject by the malignant suggestion of Dr. Routh, the old President of Magdalen, who once said to him, "Yes, sir, your staff has been held by many fellows of colleges and distinguished scholars; recently, sir, as perhaps you may know, by Dr. Paget, one of our fellows." We are inclined to think that Dr. Routh was chaffing his Esquire Bedel. Further on, that functionary darkly hints that, when he succeeded to the Stick, a Mr. Hall, whom he supplanted, "often annoyed himself by ungenerous envy. He died in 1832." There is, we suspect, a deep tragedy here. Hall pines, Hall dies; Cox is still alive, punning and esquire-bedelling. A wonderful circumstance is related of Mr. Rhodes, M.A., formerly Esquire Bedel. "He lived when in Oxford a solitary, unsociable life, but frequented the Bodleian for his amusement. His journeys to London (whither he regularly went to invest his money and receive his dividends) were always made on foot. On one occasion, he walked in from London, unexpected by his scout; finding his rooms unprepared, he merely said, 'Never mind, John, I'll just take a turn round the Parks to take the stiffness out of my legs.' From this the reader can conjecture what extraordinary men Esquire Bedels must have been, and with what epigrams and fortitude they were prepared to meet the disappointments of life. The same gentleman was celebrated for using tobacco by roasting it in a pan and sniffing the smoke, instead of consuming the weed after the custom of ordinary mortals. He died of apoplexy in 1815, and, making no will (strange to say) his money was claimed "by his brother, a schoolmaster in Birmingham, who never expected such a

* Recollections of Oxford. By G. V. Cox, M.A., New College, late Esquire Bedel, and Coroner in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

windfall." It is not often we meet so interesting and exciting a biography as that of Mr. Rhodes, M.A. After him came Mr. Robart, who had a turn for driving coaches, and who eventually ("his Calvinistic views throwing a dark shade over his religious scruples") committed suicide. We cannot, out of compassion for our readers, proceed with any further extracts. This University gossip literature is becoming a nuisance. What with Jack This, or Bill That, we are kept in constant fear by the publishers of new books on the boating, the cricket, the wines, and all the rest of it, of the two national colleges. But we cannot put up with "Recollections" by Esquire Bedels or any other mediæval officers of those establishments unless they are written with grace, capacity, or scholarship. If we encourage them we shall have no end to the making of stupid books, and the market is already overcrowded with wares of the kind, without further contributions from the seats of classical and mathematical learning. We understand from Mr. Cox that he is the last of the Esquire Bedels, and without wishing to offend him, and freely forgiving him for this book, we are glad to hear it. There is another way of regarding his work which he doubtless never contemplated when writing it; it might be made a text-book on which reasons for serious University reforms could be grounded.

BLINDPITS.*

BLINDPITS is the name of a small estate in Heatherburgh, which is situated in the vicinity of the sea, and, as we think, within easy railway reach of Edinburgh, the name of the Scottish capital being, however, unnecessarily shrouded in the metallic synonym of Ironburgh. The story is therefore a Scotch one, the incidents and characters of which are drawn from middle-class life. We may as well say at the beginning that "Blindpits" is really an excellent specimen of domestic novel—excellent, whoever is the author; but remarkable if it is the production of a writer new to the crowded field of fiction. Perfect it certainly is not; but we find in it the material and the art, out of the efficient combination of which springs the flower of perfection. It is characterized throughout by easy strength and quaint knowingness, or what the Scotch call *auld farrantness*—and these are not the qualities with which the market is overstocked. The writer is a good economizer of power; at least, in reading the tale one has an impression that the author is withholding much that he could both do and say. He seems to suppress as much as he expresses, which we take to be wise obedience to an essential law in composition. One initial point in favour of "Blindpits" is that, although it does not at the very beginning hook the reader with a mystery, or catch him with a catalogue of great expectations, he is nevertheless eager to finish the story once he has begun it. At first, indeed, the affair seems slightly bald and forbidding, as if the author scorned to ring a bell, blow a trumpet, or beat a drum, as the mountebanks do, to attract a crowd. The story opens like the dawning of a very common day—raw, cold, and gray—a day which gives you a feeling that it is a continuation of yesterday, with its sins and sorrows, rather than a new era, as a bright day will sometimes seem, glowing with unworn beauty and palpitating with new hopes. Shadows of past calamity and suffering lie coldly upon the characters with whom the reader is first made acquainted, and, in consequence, it is with sensations of pleasing discomfort that the reader begins the unromantic journey of the tale. Mrs. Barclay has seen better days. There is a world of meaning, and very often of misery, in such an expression. In Mrs. Barclay's case there is the misery of a weak, querulous, discontented, and unheroic spirit. She is one of those spirits to whom good fortune seems a natural right, and bad fortune an undeserved tribulation—the former coming from the gods, the latter from fate. It is good for this ill-used lady, however, that she has a daughter named Barbara, who, although neither young nor beautiful, is boldly adopted by the author as his heroine. No doubt Barbara is the personage round whom the tragic interest of the story gathers and culminates; but the author acts wisely in relieving the sober though potent grays of his picture by dashing in the charming figure of Bessie, Barbara's niece, whose beauty, intellectual quickness, and brightness of imagination are a pervading sunlight. Barbara is under the middle height, inclining to be dumpy, with "a rather low forehead, a straight nose with finely cut nostrils, a pretty mouth not expressive, dark eyes, dark hair, and dark complexion; but you were not so much impressed with the idea that she was good-looking as that she was judicious-

looking." What a figure for a heroine! Yet Barbara exercises all the functions of the heroine without knowing the fact, and without theatrical show or noise of any sort. Without Barbara's power of management, power of working in her self-adopted vocation of schoolmistress, and her infinite power of enduring her mother's infinite croaking, the Barclay household would be miserable indeed. We take Barbara to be the type of a class of Scotchwomen who have all the strength of mind without the pretentiousness which too often accompanies the so-called strongmindedness of these remarkable times. "To work hard all day, to return wearied in the evening, and exert herself to cheer her mother; with a soul that naturally devised liberal things, to be compelled to plan farthing savings, and to have a sickening anxiety every time the postman knocked as to what news from her absent brothers—had for years been the routine of her life, varied occasionally by coming to some desperate strait that seemed impassable, only that time never stops, and must needs carry on the wretched as well as other people." This kind of life is not a matter of fiction, but a matter of fact in every country—the heroism of some little woman keeping a hundred wolves from the door; and we sometimes wonder how certain ladies accredited with strength of mind, and whose names are in the newspapers, would, if put to it, encounter such a life. Bravely, no doubt; only they would have no time to do any platform-work in favour of the female franchise.

The proprietress of the estate of Blindpits is Miss Boston, a single lady, old, and so unbeautiful, that the author unwittingly calls her ugly, smoothing the word down to plain-looking. No woman is utterly ugly who is not utterly bad. The Bostons are a high-tempered race; but the Miss Boston of our story, who is the last of her name, "had good common sense, a manageable slice of her father's temper, a warm and even romantic heart." In early life she has one love passage, fortunately for her unsuccessful, for it is a blunder; and it forms a disagreeable memory which she keeps judiciously under lock and key. Plainness of figure, storminess of temper, failure in love—these would destroy a great number of ladies; but they fail to destroy Miss Boston. When, at the death of her parents, she is left sole heiress of Blindpits, she certainly becomes eccentric, both in dress and manner. She wears thick boots and a broad-brimmed straw hat; but she farms her own land more vigorously than a man. "She farmed, and farmed well; and she read newspapers, and history, and her Bible. She was not one of those ladies that can read nothing that has not a thread of story in it, and can read anything that has. She could not make personal comfort an object in life; she was past middle age before she put her back to a chair, or her foot on a stool, and to the end of her days she never lay down on a sofa. The outer crust of eccentricity grew and hardened with years, but her nature softened, as everything good at the core does; time will sour small beer, but it mellows a generous vintage." Miss Boston and Mrs. Barclay are cousins; and the latter discontented lady, being able and even more willing to *wish* and *expect* than to work, is for ever brooding over the fortune of the former, and wondering when it will come to her. She does not desire Miss Boston's death, but she counts upon it. This weak spot in the character of her mother is gall and wormwood to Barbara, who would rather have Miss Boston live for ever than permit herself to indulge such foolish expectations. But, indeed, the old mistress of Blindpits is not in a hurry to die, although she is too old to resist the influence of cold weather, and is sometimes laid up with influenza and a killing *hoast*. Other relatives of Mrs. Barclay live in Heatherburgh; but, naturally, as the Barclays have come down in the world, and as Mrs. Barclay's character is weak and unattractive, all intercourse between Ironburgh and Heatherburgh has long ceased, which fact is a perpetual subject of complaint to Miss Boston's self-constituted heiress. At length, however, and unexpectedly, Dr. McVicar, of Heatherburgh, writes for Barbara to come to Blindpits to nurse Miss Boston, who is down with a severe attack of something. There are other people besides Mrs. Barclay who expect to come in for Miss Boston's money, the Grants, of Grantsburn, for instance, some of whom look upon Barbara's visit to Blindpits as a base attempt to cut them out of the old lady's will, never a thought of which, however, enters the brave little woman's mind, who is only eager to be of use to her feeble relative, and then return to the city to her hard work, querulous mother, and to her young and beautiful niece Bessie, whom she is educating as well as maintaining by her own victorious labour. Being naturally handy and kindly, Barbara is of essential service to Miss Boston, who is shrewd enough to perceive her utter sincerity and disinterestedness, and who therefore feels a certain vacuity in her existence when Barbara returns home. Of course, Mrs. Barclay is greatly shocked that her daughter does not set herself to discover the

* *Blindpits. A Novel. Three vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.*

nature of Miss Boston's will; but expects more definite intelligence on the subject as the result of a visit which Bessie shortly afterwards makes to Blindpits. Bessie is a radiant happy creature, a piece of embodied sunshine, and creeps into everybody's love, except that of young Dr. John Grant, who, himself expecting to get a haul of Miss Boston's money, regards Bessie as an interloper between him and his hopes. Mr. James Grant, of Grantsburn, father of Dr. Grant, factor to the Marquis of Hetherdale, and a widower, is a different being from his son, and is so greatly attracted by the free, beautiful, and independent character of Bessie, that he ultimately comes to love, win, and marry her, although the marriage is postponed by an event which forms the culmination of the story. Barbara Barclay again visits Miss Boston at Blindpits, and while she is there, the old lady takes ill and suddenly dies just when, to all appearance, she is rather on the road to recovery than death. Barbara herself makes the last food, some beef-tea, which is taken by Miss Boston, who dies with internal sensations of burning. The case is unquestionably suspicious-looking, and Dr. Grant, who is called in, takes home with him some of the soup, which an analysis proves to contain a large proportion of arsenic. Barbara is, of course, taken up on a charge of murder and tried in Ironburgh, but is acquitted by the Scotch verdict of *Not proven*.

In ordinary cases the story would end here, the interest being apparently exhausted in the acquittal of the accused. But this tale has the unusual merit of rather deepening in interest after the technical culmination of the main current of events. Barbara's acquittal is only legal, not moral, and the shadow of her supposed crime clings to her like a social curse. Herein, as we think, lies the weakness of the Scotch verdict of *Not proven*. Where the evidence is nicely balanced, or where, in spite of the strongest evidence, jurymen cannot help having a profound feeling amounting almost to a conviction that the accused cannot be guilty, such a verdict affords complete relief to their conscientious scruples. But it is frequently a damning verdict to the supposed criminal, especially if he happens to be really innocent; for in that case the verdict, though legally permissible, is morally unjust, because not in accordance with the actual facts; and while the late accused walks about with a conscience pure and void of offence, he has the misery to see and feel that the great unpicked jury outside the court pursues him with undissipated suspicions of guilt. This is the nature of Barbara's case. None of her immediate friends believe that the unfortunate lady is guilty; and the reader, being acquainted with her character and history, never entertains a doubt of her innocence; yet the apparent facts of the case tell so darkly against her, that persons with power and precision of judgment are justifiably staggered. When Miss Boston is poisoned—for poisoned she is—there are found persons in the house at Blindpits who might possibly have a hand in the dismal business—Barbara, James Grant, Peter Pettigrew the "sticket minister," and Bell the maid-servant. It happens that the soup in which the poison is administered is for a few minutes out of Barbara's sight, during which any one of the other three has sufficient time to put the arsenic in the dish. Although in the house, Bell is beyond reach of the dish, so that nobody suspects her; Mr. Grant passes the dish close enough to put anything into it—he actually pauses at it—so that Barbara suspects that he is the murderer; and Mr. Pettigrew has also ample opportunity of perpetrating the crime. But who would suspect even a *sticket minister*? We confess with sorrow and shame that we did so. We knew that neither Barbara nor Mr. Grant was bad enough for the deed, and we saw that Bell was otherwise engaged when the chance occurred; so that, by this process of exclusion, we were forced back upon Mr. Pettigrew as the only remaining instrument, and we thought that, taking into account certain imperfections in his character, he was not wholly incapable of the cruel act. As we know, however, legal suspicion only falls upon Barbara, who is innocent; she in her turn suspects Mr. Grant, who is innocent also; and we, until we came upon the solution of the mystery, suspected Peter Pettigrew, who is as guiltless as the rest. Who, then, is guilty? There is no guilt in the matter. Miss Boston is poisoned, but not murdered; and the solution, which we decline to furnish, is simple and natural, yet full of interest. The author makes Barbara rightly regard herself as still unacquitted in the eye of the world; she awaits the unravelling of the mystery which she feels sure will come; and until that occurs the action of the story is cunningly suspended, while the interest is maintained unabated. We are sorry, though we do not well see how it could be avoided, that the author has to sacrifice another innocent victim by a portion of the same poison which occasioned Miss Boston's death, in order to call powerful attention to the method of that mysterious event. Less would

hardly have roused the public, or so thoroughly dispelled all doubts as to Barbara's innocence. When the heroine's character is at length cleared the story again leaps forward, though its movements halt slightly towards the end. There is one thing of which we are slightly doubtful, and that is, whether the author is wholly justified in killing Mr. Grant by heart-disease after Barbara and he have been more than a year married, for no other reason, apparently, than to supply Graham Richardson, a former unsuccessful lover of Barbara, with a wife. Similar things take place in real life, where they do not seem unnatural; but in a story, such an incident looks like an imitation, and wears an air of cold-blooded artificiality. We may as well mention here that Barbara herself gets happily married, as she richly deserves, and that the story ends by leaving Mrs. Barclay, her croakings against fortune much if not wholly abated, in possession of Blindpits, handsomely conferred upon her by Barbara, to whom Miss Boston bequeaths it.

We cannot say that "Blindpits" is a "fascinating" novel; but there is no good effect produced by that species of fiction which is not as well, if not better produced by the work under consideration. With a good knowledge of character, the author gives exact individuality and good dramatic substance to the personages of the story; they are clearly defined, and stamp themselves easily upon the imagination. The dialogue is perfectly natural and unrestrained; and throughout his pages the author sprinkles many good and shrewd observations, and some fine bits of description. In brief, the story is full of wise, calm strength, is manly in tone, and thoroughly wholesome in effect.

OXFORD AND THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.*

The current number of the *Dublin Review* contains a temperately-written article on the "Present and Future of Oxford University," a few passages from which may be interesting to our readers. The article opens by stating that, while on the Continent the most striking symptom of "the momentous crisis through which England is passing" will be held to be the proposal for disestablishing the Irish Church, observers in England will be more alarmed at Mr. Coleridge's University Tests Bill. True, the Bill has not yet become law; but the very fact that a proposal to de-medievalize the University which in England has best maintained the mediæval character, tradition, and policy, is, in the eye of the *Dublin Review*, an alarming circumstance:—

"The revolution, which is already more than half completed, the completion of which those who lead the mind of the day in Oxford consciously contemplate, and in which Mr. Coleridge's Bill is only one step, is nothing less than the displacing of this [quasi-mediæval] system by that of a modern German Protestant university. In such a university the students live where they will, with whom they will, and as they will; and study what they will, as they will, and under whom they will—the university only taking care to provide the most able, learned, and attractive professors to lecture upon all subjects; who are free, indeed, to teach what they please, but whose especial function is much more to make discoveries in religion, morals, philosophy, history, science, and all other subjects of human knowledge, and to publish books which will raise their own credit and that of the University, than to teach anything."

As a matter of fact, students in the German universities do learn something, it must be admitted; and in purity of life they compare favourably with English students. However, after quoting testimony to the fact that an undergraduate at Oxford, if he be a thinking man, has now to "fight for principles"—a fact which the *Dublin* regards with horror, though some people would say that no principle was much worth having till it had been fought for—the reviewer proceeds thus:—

"We cannot help saying a few words to Catholic parents who are hesitating whether or not to send sons to Oxford, and much more to those who are sending them. Considering, indeed, that these latter persons go directly counter to the emphatic warning of the Holy See and of the English Episcopate, they are not likely to be influenced by any appeal to their Catholic principle. Yet we will ask them this simple question: 'Do they really wish and intend that their sons, in the first opening of manhood, should be plunged by their act in a society such as that described in the last letter we have quoted?'"

The reviewer, in approaching a conclusion, affirms that the testimony of "the admirers and supporters" of the present system at Oxford justifies the statement that "the honours examination in Oxford is now directly and even confessedly infidel; that it takes for granted infidel premises; and requires any candidate to steep his mind with, and adopt as his own,

* The Present and Future of Oxford University. *Dublin Review*, No. XXII., October. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

directly infidel arguments and premises." The only foundation we can find for this statement is a quotation from the "Suggestions," by the Rev. Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; and the quotation certainly does not justify what the *Dublin* affirms. Mr. Pattison (says the reviewer) "lays it down as a fundamental principle of academical education (as contrasted with that of 'the nursery, the home, and the school') that the student should come to it, regarding no one proposition, 'social, moral, metaphysical, or physical,' as 'settled,' before education commences. . . . He means, in fact (what his argument clearly requires), that there can be no academical education, unless the youth who is subjected to it begins studies by resolving that he will consider no proposition of any sort upon any subject as settled until it has been proved by 'an investigation based upon an exhaustive knowledge of the phenomena in each case: in ascertaining the relations of which phenomena, all the powers of reason have been employed.'

These terrible (and, as simple people would have thought, very obvious and harmless) propositions, naturally alarm the *Dublin*. The Roman Catholic Church might, if she chose, make it binding upon any one of her members to do some act which all the rest of mankind would denounce as treacherous, or even murderous. She might, if she chose, make it binding upon the faithful to declare, and teach their children, that the earth is a flat grass-plot, and that the soul resides in the great toe. Mr. Pattison says, justly and obviously, that "a perfectly fair university examination must come into conflict with any system which proposes to provide *a priori* conclusions in any branch of knowledge relating to nature, man, and society. Any system or corporation which supposes itself to be in possession of such propositions may propose them to its pupils as true, and require their acceptance on the authority of the teacher. The Roman Catholic Church does suppose and profess this." On this ground Mr. Pattison "denies that such a thing as a Catholic university education can possibly exist. 'It may comprise mathematics, mechanics, the rules and graces of composition and style, taste, and literature and art. It cannot really embrace science and policy.'

The conclusion of the *Dublin Review* is as follows:—

"It is because Englishmen are at last offering to acknowledge and receive us as countrymen and brethren, that we are called upon to decide whether, upon their terms, we can accept the invitation. The time perhaps may never come when a Catholic can do his duty to God and His Church without worldly sacrifice. Whether it does or not, one thing, we think, can hardly be doubted, that it is not yet come, and that we of this generation are little likely to see it."

This is just what was to be expected. But we need scarcely point out to our readers that the *Dublin Review* is confounding two totally different things. Mr. Pattison, as a Christian clergyman, believes in the truths of his religion; but no truths can be really taught without the process called investigation, and for the purposes of this process, *i. e.* dialectically, everything must be assumed as requiring proof. The *Dublin* remarks that Bishop Butler is neglected at Oxford. May we venture to ask whether, notwithstanding Bishop Butler's personal belief, the hypothesis of his "Analogy" is or is not that the truths of his personal belief required proof?

FOUR SINGERS.*

TIME and place determine pleasure as well as value. There is hardly any music in the voice of a hen; but when one wants a new-laid egg, her cackle is a very pretty sound, and full of utilitarian poetry. The still small voice of the wren will never make the planets pause in their spheres; yet we have heard that atom of a bird in a lonely nook, where her minute flutings had in them something of the sad music of humanity. There are seasons and localities when even that demagogue of a fellow the sparrow has some healing in his repetitive chatter. To a person lost in a desert, the bark of a dog or the bleat of a sheep would be as sweet as the voice of an angel. Not a few think the skirl of the Scotch bagpipes a sound of horror. In the city it certainly seems so; but when that instrument, which is essentially a bird of the wilderness, is heard in the weird defiles of some Highland glen, its music is wholly transformed. Such power have circumstance and association to add value and meaning to things which do not inherently possess them.

* Poems. By Elizabeth Ann Twentyman. London: George Routledge & Sons. Miscellaneous Poems. By Henry Francis Lyte, M.A., late Incumbent of Lower Brixham, Devon. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Livingstons.

Palingenesia; or, The Modern Apostate. By A. T. Teetgen. London: Williams & Norgate.

Poems and Plays, Original and Translated. By William H. Charlton. London: Longmans.

It is the same with the minor voices in the world of poetry, which become enhanced or are undervalued according as they are affected by public circumstance or personal association. There are strong men to whom the poetry of Dr. Watts is as the music of the spheres, while the Miltonic or Tennysonian syllables are muffled and meaningless.* If we seek the reason of this apparent anomaly, we shall, of course, find it in the fact that the people of each particular time, not being equally advanced or cultured, represent in their actual condition every bygone stage of the national progress, from the most savage to the most civilized. Therefore is it that, while this age is one of great refinement in the literature of poetry, we yet possess among us so large a representation of the more primitive times, that the poetic forms of thought and expression suitable to those times, though dead and buried to the refined class, are still instinct with life to those who, in point of refinement, belong to the past. We might even venture to say that each particular mind standing abreast with the time represents in itself every past stage of civilization; so that a rightly cultured person, whatever his special bias may be, has power to appreciate the poetic products of every age. This accounts for the fact that Dr. Watts is still the laureate of a large class of living Englishmen; that Mr. Tupper is so substantially patronized by another class; and that the poetic idiocies of our concert-halls attract audiences fit and not few. We have repeated these well-known facts to show that in this country, at all events, there is an audience for every species of poet, the merest ballad-monger as well as Mr. Browning, who is the strongest and most granitic of living bards. For the same reasons there is hope for the poets whose volumes we are about to notice. Each will have an audience with which the greatest will not interfere. Tennyson, for instance, will never supplant Elizabeth Ann Twentyman in the affections of her peculiar admirers. This lady gives us three hundred and thirty-one pages of amiable lyrics on every conceivable subject, overflowing with good feeling and pure aspirations. It is true that she is somewhat deficient in originality and variety; but these will hardly be missed by those to whom her pieces are properly addressed. Her rhymes are not always happy, and she has sometimes a peculiar manner of describing things, instances of which we pick from her poem on "Birds." It is a well-known fact that birds lay eggs; but Elizabeth Ann Twentyman describes this operation like an Americaness:—

"Greater still your bliss is
At each new deposit:
How queen-like every bird
As she sits upon it."

Better are the following verses from a piece called "Separation":—

"Words are spoken, faith is broken—
Thou and I must wander lone:
Both in anguish doomed to languish—
Grief in every word and tone.

Thou art nearest, and the dearest—
Soul of love and sad delight:
I deplore thee, still adore thee,
Visions bring thee to my sight.

Though for ever we may sever,
Love can never die nor fade;
Once created, though ill-fated,—
Deathless as the soul 'twas made.

Though thou leave me, and deceive me,
This the language of my heart:
Heaven guide thee, be beside thee,
Aid thee whereso'er thou art!"

It is no disrespect to E. A. Twentyman to say that the "Miscellaneous Poems" of the late Henry Francis Lyte are superior to hers, both in quality of matter, and finish of style. We are not all born alike; he was a man, and she is a woman. Mr. Lyte was a clergyman, and his poems are therefore deeply steeped in the religious spirit. It is seldom that piety and poetry are mingled with artistic efficiency, and they are not mingled to perfection by Mr. Lyte; but just because he was a man of strong common sense, he does not allow his religion to spoil his poetry, while his fair poetic ability adds grace and wing to certain of his religious ideas which are otherwise not over-attractive. To a person morally healthy in mind and body, the iteration of ideas about "evil," "decay," "death," and the "tomb" are slightly repulsive, and especially in poetry, which, if religious, should rather guide and inspire by presenting ideals of hope and life, and of the beauty of holiness. In the main, however, Mr. Lyte's volume is a peculiarly pure one, and will be acceptable to some readers who avoid religious poetry with the same feeling which makes them shudder at the literature of religious tracts. The ablest poem in the book is "The Poet's

Plea;" but as it is too long to quote, we shall give some verses on the burial of a naval officer at sea, which are a fair specimen of the poet's manner:—

"ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

"There is, in the wide lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene, and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home while he had breath;
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee—
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.

When the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riven,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'l bound,
To rise and shine in heaven."

Mr. A. T. Teetgen, burning to be the laureate of Rationalism, has, in his "Palingenesia; or, The Modern Apostate," produced only a hideous jumble of bad rhymes, commonplace thoughts, and pretentious philosophy. A preliminary objection to the poem is that it is written in the same kind of verse as "In Memoriam." It has over it all the air of a vicious imitation, and reminds one of the vain goose that crept into the skin of a peacock, drawing infinite laughter from wiser creatures. To describe in poetry the progress of an earnest soul from Christianity to Theism is a feat that may, perhaps, yet be achieved, though we suspect that no poet worthy of the name will ever attempt it, and, for the present, Mr. Teetgen has thoroughly failed in the attempt made by himself. He has some poetic ability; but it was surely an evil spirit that sent him on this impolitic track. Even had the poetry of the thing been equal to that of "In Memoriam," the subject would have made it repulsive to readers with true religious and poetic instincts. As it is, it is not poetry at all, but a badly-rhymed babblement, in quasi-philosophical forms, about the old religion and the new. We may be wrong, but the whole affair looks like bits wrenched from Emerson's essays, and degraded into Mr. Teetgen's verse. Perhaps, however, it is all a joke, designed to ridicule certain weak talkers about "free thought" and "the religion of the future." If we are right in this conjecture, it is but fair to say that the poet has performed his task with considerable ability. The unfortunate thing is that this does not explain the bad rhymes that are so thickly sprinkled over the book. In imitation, too, of Lord Lytton, and other profound thinkers, Mr. Teetgen makes a copious use of capital letters, and of big words that quite stun the poetic sense. For instance:—

"Yes! He who made the circling Two,
The nourishing and the effete;
Phenomena of His repeat,
The Good and Evil,—as he knew;

Divinely last has made in Man
The Good of peristaltic force,
Developing its own divorce
From Ill in the consummate plan."

Take another characteristic specimen:—

"A Phase of God, is man; and God's
Responsibility is man,
Whatever in Creation ran
Of flaw, convicted very God:

Was sourced in him; so that he could
But stultify himself, to fail:
He cannot get outside the pale,
—He likewise,—of him, if He would:

Divest Himself of Self in works,
What's of Him, is him; error, flaw,
And sweet perfection; all, the Law
That wraps him, and wherein He stalks!"

That, as we think, is one of three things—poetry, prose, or

humbug; and the book is full of similar material. Take the last verse of the poem:—

"For Life let this Tremendous Right
Be mine;—There is a Better Thing
Than Loving God;—Be God; and wing
Thy self-subsistent way to Light."

This verse so chokes us that we have only breath to say about "Palingenesia" that it is either a great poem or nothing.

William H. Charlton makes a better figure as a translator than as a writer of poetry at first hand. His dramatic poem, "Pausanius," is an honest piece of work, but we cannot honestly say that it is in any essential sense original. It is pleasant to read, but it does not compel the reader to pause and think, or drink again and again at any occasional well of beauty. One of the translated dramas is sometimes acted under the title of "Ingomar." Of the other translations, we like most Bürger's "Lenoré," which is rendered with general faithfulness and some spirit, though we think that it fails towards the end to produce the effect intended.

THE REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.*

THE stirring times in which the subject of this biography lived, and the peculiar part which he played in them, is the excuse offered by Mr. Buckley for the work before us. O'Leary seems to have been a man of very peculiar as well as original force of mind and character. It required no little courage on the part of a Catholic priest, at the period of which this book speaks, to uphold English authority by argument and by conduct, and to advise loyalty to a people who were driven to desperation by the scandalous injustice of their rulers. We are too much in this country in the habit of associating the Roman Catholic priest with the demagogue and the malcontent. In numberless instances the clergymen of that order have supported the Government at the risk of losing the good will and the patronage of their flocks. In fact, obedience to constituted power is with them an article of faith which is often interpreted so literally as to render it as contemptible as fetish worship. O'Leary belonged to a school, however, in advance of mere orthodox subscribers to texts or to doctrines. He was bolder in his discussions and statements than was or is customary amongst his fellows. We have not the space at our disposal to enter into the details of the logic he employed both in his religious and political pamphlets, and we are obliged to differ from Mr. Buckley on the estimate of what he terms a "magnificent exordium." However, allowances must be made for the style of the day, which was more or less stiff and stilted, although it is evident that O'Leary had his manner of writing somewhat toned and softened down by his knowledge of French. The questions treated in this book are not such as we could deal with shortly, and we observe that Mr. Buckley does not follow his author further into them than the latter has chosen to go himself. Father O'Leary had at one period a grand controversial tournament with Wesley. The specimens here given of the priest's charges are brisk and spirited enough. O'Leary was in fact a rhetorician of a very high class. He could hurl any quantity of tropes and figures at the head of an opponent, and he could abuse him with a vigour and a power of fancy that was never checked by a prejudice in favour of good feeling. He possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, and imported a fair share of wit and fun into the most serious of his compositions. Indeed, at times there are flashes that remind us of Swift, the resemblance between the men being especially noticeable in a kind of abstract patriotism which was common to both. Mr. Buckley does not often poise the expression of admiration which he bestows on his hero, but this is a fault which appears to be inevitable in biographies. On the other hand, he writes well himself, and would write better if he did not try to write so well. He likewise displays considerable taste and grace in his selection and arrangement of the extracts from O'Leary's works.

O'Leary was a member of the famous order known in Ireland as "The Monks of the Screw." As its name implies, the institution did not devote itself altogether to the dry exercises of religion, but, on the contrary, as Mr. Buckley observes, on the occasion of meetings "a spirit of conviviality prevailed, which, if it ever characterized a religious order, must have done so at a time when the rule was very mildly enforced." The charter song of the monks was composed by Curran, and its initial verses will give a notion of the nature of the club, as it might be better termed:—

* The Life and Writings of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. By the Rev. W. B. Buckley. Dublin: Duffy.

"When St. Patrick our Order invented,
And called us the 'Monks of the Screw,'
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky,
And swore on the word of the Saint
That the fountain should never run dry."

The members or monks wore a habit in which they attended convent, and drank only as Irishmen could in those days. There were amongst them many eminent politicians and orators, including Flood, Grattan, Curran, and Lord Avonmore, the founder. O'Leary dedicated a complete edition of his works to the monks. He was a prime favourite with the volunteers of '82, who were accustomed to present arms to him. Indeed, he had the faculty of making friends among all religions and denominations. Wesley had the greatest respect for his doughty antagonist, and Howard, the professional philanthropist, was accustomed to boast of his acquaintance and intimacy with O'Leary. Mr. Buckley writes in the most enthusiastic terms of O'Leary's conversational abilities, and of the eager manner in which his company was sought in all circles. The portrait in this book shows us a firm, well-shaped head, an imaginative setting of eyes and forehead, and a mobile, humorous mouth. Mr. Buckley's countrymen, at least, ought to be indebted to him for this interesting memoir of a man whose career was worth more than a passing record. The author appears to have had but scanty materials to work with as far as personal details of his subject were concerned, but still he has contrived to render his book neither unentertaining nor uninstructive. The strong sentiment and sympathy which he evidently felt in the task he set himself to do has carried him through it in a manner which is not the worse for being chastened by evident studies in contemporary literature.

THE MAGAZINES.

LITERARY criticism is beginning to monopolize a good deal of space in the monthly magazines—literary criticism of a peculiar kind. It aims at being very personal and decided, and generally runs counter to the opinion of the "best authorities." Still remaining anonymous, it assumes an individuality of tone which does not pledge the magazine in which it appears to its views. Now, we would not deny any man the right to hold what opinions he pleases on literary or other subjects. He may consider Walt Whitman to be a great poet, and Longfellow a mere trickster in syllables; he may hold Carlyle to be a great politician and Stuart Mill an ignorant quack; he may believe that Browning is unintelligible, and that Rogers was a great genius, without harm to himself or his friends. What we venture to suggest is, that caution should be exercised in giving expression to private opinions of this kind. A blind prepossession or prejudice, without an atom of reason to back it, harms no man in public estimation until he is imprudent enough to maintain publicly that he is in the right. And a great deal of magazine criticism errs in this way. We do not say that the writer who criticises "Clarissa" in the *St. Pauls* of this month is wrong merely because he differs from Lord Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, Rousseau, Alfred de Musset, and hundreds of other accomplished critics; but we are not inclined to abate our admiration of "Clarissa" simply because he thinks it tedious. His criticism practically amounts to this—"I don't like it. I find it dull and tedious; and so must other people." When we meet in this "criticism" with the statement that "nobody ever reads" the "Pilgrim's Progress," or Spenser, or Dryden, we know to what school it belongs. It is the drawing-room school of criticism, which mistakes the apathy of a dull brain for intellectual dislike, and calls a defect in sympathy an adverse judgment. As a rule, people will be found not to have read the books which they most delight in abusing. Of the other contents of *St. Pauls*, we may notice the conclusion of the article on Disraeli as a clever and readable paper, and a brief treatise on "The Dangers and Delights of Tobacco" as taking up a fair position with regard to that vexed question.

In *Tinsley's Magazine* another critic, with much more show of reason and argument on his side, pronounces against Lord Houghton and Miss Jean Ingelow's claims to be regarded as poets. He protests very properly against the absurd laxity with which the word "poet" is used in modern journalism; leading one to imagine that poets are as common as grocers. The critic, however, has either never read David Gray's poems, or lacks that catholicity of sympathy which a critic of poetry, above all men, ought to have. The poem on "Pope Boniface III." is disfigured by several obvious Cockneyisms. There are some excellent and stirring lines on the political future and political prophets, and one or two readable articles, exclusive of the usual fiction.

The *Cornhill* begins a new novel, "That Boy of Norcott's," which opens promisingly. The list of articles looks rather heavy, but doubtless contains information for those who seek their modern history in monthly magazines. The papers respectively treat of "The Turkomans," "The Murder of Escovedo," "Critical Elections," "Our Little War with the Naikras," and "The Approaching Transit of Mercury."

Macmillan is not so dull as it was last month; but yet it is not lively. There is in it, however, a very quaint, pretty, and pleasing set of rhymes about "Little Seal-skin," a beautiful little sea-woman who loses her seal-skin, and cannot return to the sea without it. A fisherman finds the seal-skin and hides it, because he wants to marry the beautiful woman; and she becomes his wife, and lives with him for seven years, and has three children. But she always pines for the seal-skin and the sea; and so at last her husband delivers up the garment, and goes out, wondering whether she will not stay and be his wife for ever. He returns in the evening to find his home dark, and his children sobbing; the sea-woman has gone back to the sea. In this number of *Macmillan*, Mr. Norman Lockyer explains the causes which led to the discovery of the error in our computation of the sun's distance from the earth.

Temple Bar has a stirring Lay of the Spanish Revolution, by Mr. John Sheehan, the author of "The Knight of Innishowen," &c.; also, a nicely-written article on Shelley; also a sensible article on "Women and their Satirists," which is full of curious information. There is plenty of pleasant fiction, too, in the number; and we may again remind former readers of *Temple Bar* that the magazine no longer smacks of gin-and-water, and Fleet-street, and Cockney slang.

Once a Week maintains the decided specialty which the editor has given it. In the articles there is generally to be found something beside the easy smartness of a magazine-paper. "Cleopatra in a Striking Attitude" and "The Grand Gift" may be taken as examples of the bright, clever, and also informing essays which give *Once a Week* its distinctive character.

The Argosy has a most astonishing story called "Buried Alone." At first we were inclined to consider it a burlesque; but it turns out to be a serious narrative of a young woman who makes violent love to a man, proposes, is rejected, and goes to her bedroom to commit suicide by drinking a bottle of laudanum. She does not know how much is required to kill her; but, to be on the safe side, she drinks every drop. "Uncorking the bottle with a steady hand, she poured its contents into a tumbler, and drank the whole, which tasted awfully nasty." Caroline Bosanquet, however, "had been mercifully dealt with." The only result of her imprudence was that "she certainly felt extremely ill, and had dreadfully gripping pains in the pit of the stomach;" for it was two doses of black-draught she had swallowed. This is the realism of romance with a vengeance.

Belgravia opens with the first instalment of a new story, entitled "My Enemy's Daughter," by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Were the story to go no further, we should consider this bit of it to be a piece of true and genuine art. The fine psychical lights of it (especially in the record of the experiences of the younger hero), the distinctiveness of the characters, and the gracefulness of the telling are alike charming and unusual in magazine fiction. These two or three chapters are a romance in themselves, with the German girl who was "calm and silent, and loved music," as the central figure. In a cleverly-written paper, Mr. E. R. Russell protests against the critics who write smart articles at the expense of the book before them. Mr. Russell proves his point thoroughly; but we are inclined to believe that the vice of contemporary criticism is excessive leniency and the forgetfulness of setting up something like a standard. The other contents of *Belgravia* are fairly good. "Charlotte's Inheritance" is merely dead weight, as nearly all the readers of the magazine must have read the story already.

The St. James's has a remarkably clever burlesque-story, called "Cut down like Grass," by the author of "Neither Wisely nor Well." The parody is excellent. Mrs. Riddell's story progresses satisfactorily; and the padding of the number is varied and, on the whole, good. The paper on "Madame Victor Hugo" is very interesting. The *St. James's*, we may add, claims to be a Conservative monthly magazine. It is the only one in the field.

London Society is exceptionally good in its illustrations this month; but, indeed, it is always one of our best illustrated magazines. The *Piccadilly Papers* are clever and sensibly written, and the general contents of the magazine are bright and varied.

The illustrations to the *Broadway*, on the other hand, are incomprehensibly bad. Why should they be so bad? It would be much better to have none at all, because one gets an unpleasant prejudice against an article or a story which is accompanied by some ghastly burlesque of a woodcut. A very charming poem by Edwin Waugh, entitled "Willy's Grave," is thus disfigured. Mr. Hannay continues in this number his "Studies on Thackeray," which fall into the province of true criticism—criticism which has a *raison d'être* to show for itself.

The peculiar class to whom the *Contemporary Review* appeals—for the magazine is too esoteric and professional to interest the ordinary reader—may probably find the present number interesting. Out of the eight contributions to this month's number, six are written by clergymen. The Rev. Dr. Hannah replies to Dr. Hooker's remarks at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, with regard to the relation of the clergy to science. Dr. Hannah evidently thinks that theology and science ought to be the best of friends; and most people will agree with him. That they are, or can be, the best of friends is a somewhat different question. Apathy is a famous peacemaker, however; and if a man is indifferent or blind to the terms of a quarrel, there is no reason why he should vex his mind with it.

Good Words for the Young is a capital idea, and it ought to be capitalised worked out, for we have amongst its contributors the names of Charles Kingsley, Matthew Browne, William Gilbert, and George MacDonald, besides several anonymous writers of ingenious

and humorous ability. The little chips of wood-blocks spoil the look of many of the pages; but the writing throughout is excellent—particularly the quaint, fantastic, imaginative, and suggestive ballad which records the sack of Tumbledown Towers, by the author of "Lilliput Levee." *Good Words for the Young* is published at sixpence.

We have also to acknowledge—the *Art-Journal*, the *Eclectic*, the *Victoria Magazine*, the *Month*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Mission Life*, the *London, Sunday Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Golden Hours*, the *Treasury of Literature*, *People's Magazine*, the *Student*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, *Science-Gossip*, the *Quiver*, the *Floral World*, the *World of Wonders*, the *Mask*, *Bond Street*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, *Popular Educator*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and the *Gardener's Magazine*.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Percy Anecdotes. (Warne & Co.)

The indefatigable Mr. Timbs has supplied a characteristic preface to this excellent verbatim reprint of the original edition of this well-known work. It is not often we find Mr. Timbs contented with doing so little, but "Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine monastery of Mont Benger," as the compilers styled themselves, had done their work so completely that nothing was left, even to a Mr. Timbs, but to introduce the new edition with little more than a Burleigh's nod. "The Percy Anecdotes" has suffered more than falls to the lot of most books. The contents have been pilfered so frequently that we doubt if every single anecdote has not done duty scores of times in as many works supposed to be entirely original. We are quite of Mr. Timbs's opinion when he remarks that "for the leisure half-hour at home or abroad, in the railway carriage or the steamer, by the fireside, or during those intervals of business when the mind seeks relaxation in reading of the varieties of life drawn from unacknowledged sources, 'The Percy Anecdotes' may be safely recommended to all classes of readers." The only place where we do not like to meet with any of the Percy anecdotes is in the columns of provincial papers, where they are always inserted as original. But country editors are weak, and the Messrs. Warne will have much to answer for in offering them so strong a temptation to be dishonest in this marvellously cheap and otherwise excellent edition of a popular and thoroughly amusing and interesting work.

The Senses and the Intellect. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third edition. (Longmans.)

"Metaphysical Philosophy," says Mr. Lewes, "has been ever in movement, but the movement has been circular; and this fact has been thrown into stronger relief by contrast with the linear progress of science." That philosophy, however, which is professedly based upon science must move with science. The first edition of Professor Bain's well-known work on the "Senses and the Intellect" was in itself an effort to bring the Sensationalist philosophy up to the latest point of physiological investigation; and now we have a third edition of the book, containing such alterations or additions as the linear progress of scientific discovery has suggested. Of the work itself, it is surely unnecessary that we should speak at length. Its value as the expositor of a complete system of philosophical interpretation is recognised by persons whose opinions are diametrically opposed to the results at which it arrives. We need only say that to the present edition there is appended an elaborate account of the Psychology of Aristotle, by Mr. Grote, and that the work generally has been subjected to careful revision, particularly with regard to those portions treating of the Nervous System.

We have also received—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, by the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, M.P., new edition (Rivingtons);—*The Life and Times of St. Bernard*, by J. C. Morison, M. A., new edition, revised (Macmillan);—*Matutinal Minutes*, by the Rev. C. R. Tollemache (Parker);—*The Tallants of Barton*, by Joseph Hatton (Bradbury & Evans);—*Plane Geometry*, by Richard Wormell (Murby);—*Hymns on the Epistles*, by R. D. Harris (Phillipson);—*English and French Correspondence for Young Ladies* (Cassell);—*The Kingdom of God*, by Henry Dunn (Simpkin & Marshall);—*The Talk of the Town* (Newby);—*Ecce Deus*, by Joseph Parker, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Broken Fetters*, by Frank Trollope (Newby);—*From Morning to Evening* (Rivingtons);—*The Virgin's Lamp*, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (Rivingtons);—*A Critical and Textual Outline of English Grammar* (Nimmo);—*Contes Historiques*, par Madame Eugénie Foa (Williams & Norgate);—*Every Day: a Story of Common Life* (Provost);—*Scripture Manuals* (Murby);—*Guide to Spelling* (Murby);—*Hot-air Baths for the People* (Burne);—*The Dragon Bound and Loosed*, by Rev. G. P. Ottey (Macintosh);—*Rule of the Road at Sea*, by William Sterling Lacon (Harrison);—*Homeric Studies*, by Edmund Lenthal Swift (Madden);—*Church Work and Life in Ireland* (Hodges & Smith);—*What is Establishment?* by J. S. Brewer, M.A. (Longmans);—*Natural Psychology* (Trübner);—*Overland Route through British North America*, by Alfred Waddington (Longmans);—*Put-*

nam's Monthly Magazine;—*Old Sir Douglas*, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton (Macmillan);—*How Globes are Raised and Moved*, by Edward Dingle (Pitman);—*The True Passover*, by Thomas Parry, D.D. (Rivingtons);—*The Young Man Setting Out in Life*, by William Guest (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Centenary Celebration of Cheshunt College* (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Nigel Bartram's Ideal*, by Florence Wilford (Warne);—*Modern Athletics*, by H. F. Wilkinson (Warne);—Part III. *Commentary on the New Testament*, by James Morison, D.D. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.);—Part XI. *Bible Animals*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Longmans).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Alice and Beatrice. Imp. 16mo. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.
 Adams (Rev. C. H.), *Falconturst*; or, *Birthday Tales*. Royal 16mo., 2s.
Aesop's Fables in Words of One Syllable. By M. Godolphin. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Armatage (G.), *The Horseowner and Stableman's Companion*. Fcap., 1s.
Audubon (J. J.), *Life and Adventures of*. By R. Buchanan. 8vo., 15s.
Aunt Louisa's London Toy Books.—*Hector, the Dog, and Pussy's London Life*. 4to., 1s. each.
Aunt Louisa's Birthday Gift. 4to., 5s.
Bemrose (W.), *Manual of Wood Carving*. New edit. Cr. 4to., 5s.
Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1868.—"Money Lent." 8vo., 1s.
Belgravian Annual (The), 1868. 8vo., 1s.
Bible Story Book (The). 16mo., 1s. 6d.
Bonar (Rev. H.), *Light and Truth: Bible Thoughts*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Brett (W. H.), *The Indian Tribes of Guiana*. 8vo., 18s.
Bradshaw's Through Route Overland Guide to India, 1869. Royal 16mo., 5s.
Carey Glynn. By W. Leask. Fcap., 1s.
Cassell's Shilling Toy Books.—*Cock Sparrow, and Queer Characters*. 4to., 1s. each.
Charlesworth (Miss), *England's Yeomen*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Christian Hatherley's Childhood. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
Christmas Numbers (The) of "All the Year Round." Royal 8vo., 5s.
Complete Private Account Book, 1869. 4to., 1s.
Cobb (Rev. G. F.), *The Kiss of Peace*. New edit. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 ditto *Sequel to*. Fcap., 5s. 6d.
Cooke (M. C.), *One Thousand Objects for the Microscope*. Fcap., 1s.
Culross (J.), *Emmanuel*; or, *The Father Revealed in Jesus*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Daewer (W.), *Alice Gray*, in German. 12mo., 3s.
De Foe's Robinson Crusoe. New edit. 32mo., 1s.
De Witt (Madame), *a French Country Family*. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
Dickens (C.), *Works of* (Charles Dickens' Edition). 18 vols. Cr. 8vo., £2. 18s.
Drayton (Captain A. W.), *Adventures of Hans Sherck, the South African Hunter*. Fcap., 5s.
Economic Housekeeping Book, 1869. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Edinburgh (Duke of), *The Cruise of H.M.S. Galatea*. 8vo., 16s.
Eadie (J.), *Dictionary of the Holy Bible*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
English Reprints. Edited by E. Arber. Vol. I. Fcap., 2s.
 ditto. Vols. II. and III. Fcap., 2s. 6d. each.
Fowles (G.), *Manual of Elementary Chemistry*. 10th edit. Fcap., 14s.
Fresh Leaves in the Old Testament. By L. N. B. Royal 8vo., 4s. 6d.
Gascoigne (Rev. R.), *Redemption Unfolded*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Galt (John), *Sir Andrew Wylie*. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
Gordon (Mrs. A.), *Double Acrostic Enigmas*. 2nd series. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Grigor (J.), *Arboriculture*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Goubaud (Madame), *Tatting Book*. Fcap., 1s.
Goldsmith's (O.) Works. By Professor Masson. *Globe* edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Goulburn (Dean), *Family Prayers*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 ditto. *Cheap* edit. 32mo., 1s.
Grombridge's Shilling Diary, 1869. 8vo., 1s.
Hamerton (P. G.), *Painting in France*. 4to., 21s.
Hanna (Rev. W.), *The Ministry in Galilee*. Fcap., 5s.
Hardy (Capt.), *Castaway in the Cold: an Old Man's Story*. Cr. 4to., 6s.
Helps (A.), *Life of Columbus*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Hood's (Thomas) *Works*. Edited by his Son. New edit. 7 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 15s.
House (A.) of *Cards*: *Novel*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
How (Rev. W. W.), *Sermons on Psalm LI*. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
Humbert (Rev. L. M.), *Memorials of the Hospital of St. Cross*. 4to., 15s.
Hunter (W. W.), *Comparative Dictionary of the Languages of India and High Asia*. Small folio. 4to., 2s.
Increase (The) of *Faith*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
Isocrates. Edited by J. E. Sandys. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
Jameson (Mrs.), *Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns*. 4th edit. Fcap., 5s.
Keble (Rev. J.), *Village Sermons on the Baptismal Service*. 8vo., 5s.
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Landseer (Sir E.), *Early Works of* 16 Photos. 4to., £1. 11s. 6d.
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Leland (C. G.), *Hans Breytman's Party*. 16mo., 1s.
Little Rosy's Voyage Round the World. 4to., 6s. 6d.
Macnamara (C.), *Manual of the Diseases of the Eye*. Fcap., 12s. 6d.
Malan (Rev. L. U.), *The Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*. Fcap., 3s.
Martineau (J.), *A Word for Scientific Theology*. 8vo., 1s.
Maundeville (Sir J.), *Voyage and Travails of*. Edited by J. O. Halliwell. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Mayne (R. G.), *Medical Vocabulary*. New edit. Fcap., 8s. 6d.
Monkhouse (W. C.), *Masterpieces of English Art*. 28 Photos. 4to., £2. 2s.
Morris (W.), *The Life and Death of Jason*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Mountain Adventures, from *Celebrated Travellers*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Müller (Max), *Chips from a German Workshop*. New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.
My Pet's Picture Book. Imp. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
On the Way. By A. L. O. E. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Osborne (F.), *Corner Cottage and its Inmates*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Palgrave (F. T.), *The Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange*. Cr. 4to., 9s.
Photographic Scrap Album. Royal 4to., 12s. 6d.
Piddington (H.), *Sailor's Horn Book for the Law of Storms*. 5th edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Plumptre (Rev. E. H.), *Calmness in Times of Troubles: A Sermon*. 8vo., 6d.
Pusey (Dr.), *Lectures on Daniel*. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Quiggin's Isle of Man Almanac. 1869. 12mo., 1s.
Rhymes for the Little Ones. 32mo., 8d.
Rogers (Rev. C.), *The Golden Sheaf: Poems*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Routledge's Toy Books: *Pictures of English History*. 1st and 2nd Series. 4to., 1s. each.
Ruxton (G. F.), *Life in the Far West*. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
Scott's (Sir W.) *Poetical Works*. Roxburgh edition. Vol. II. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
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Something like a Nugget: a Christmas Story. Royal 8vo., 6d.
Song (A.) for the Times. By *Fidel Defensor*. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Sterne (Laurence), *Works of*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
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Taylor (Jeremy), *Holy Living*. New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
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Under the Lime-trees. By the Author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Ward (Mrs.), *Waves on the Ocean of Life*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The OLDEST Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The WHOLE of the PROFITS divided yearly amongst the Members.

Returns for 1868.

Fire Department.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

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Accumulated Capital (25th Dec., 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament,

For Life Assurance, Annuities, and Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHAIRMAN—General Sir FREDERIC SMITH, K.H., F.R.S.

Policies Payable During Life—Indisputable—Not Liable to Forfeiture.

The Royal Naval, Military, and East India Life Department, affording peculiar advantages to Officers and others in the Navy and Army, and is under the especial Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The EUROPEAN Society is specially authorized by the Imperial Parliament to Guarantee the Fidelity of Government Officials.

New Premium Income in 1859, 1860, 1861	£101,900
" 1862, 1863, 1864	£123,000
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Annual Income exceeds Three Hundred and Forty Thousand Pounds.

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Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.
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ESTABLISHED 1803.

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It is pronounced by the Press (and all scientific men who have seen it), to be the best, cheapest, and most simple microscope ever invented.

It has twenty times the power of the Coddington or Stanhope Microscope, and is twice as good as the celebrated Rae Microscope (which has been awarded so many prize medals), as may be inferred from the following letter received from Mr. Rae himself.

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Sir,—Having seen some of your Diamond-Plate Lenses, I write to ask your terms for supplying me with the same per 20 gross, as I consider them superior to mine.

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